

Dead End

BY SIDNEY KINGSLEY

“The contrast of affluence and wretchedness is
like dead and living bodies chained together”

THOMAS PAINE

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Dead End was first produced at the Belasco Theatre, New York City, by Norman Bel Geddes on October 28, 1935, and closed on June 12, 1937
 Following is the original cast

GIMPTY	Theodore Newton
T B	Gabriel Dell
TOMMY	Billy Hallop
DIPPY	Huntz Hall
ANGEL	Bobby Jordon
SPIT	Charles R Duncan
DOORMAN	George Cotton
OLD LADY	Marie R Burke
OLD GENTLEMAN	George N Price
1ST CHAUFFEUR	Charles Benjamin
"BABY-FACE" MARTIN	Joseph Downing
HUNK	Martin Gabel
PHILIP GRISWALD	Charles Bellin
GOVERNESS	Sidonie Espero
MILTY	Bernard Punsly
DRINA	Elsbeth Enc
MR GRISWALD	Carroll Ashburn
MR JONES	Louis Woods
KAY	Margaret Mullen
JACK HILTON	Cyril Gordon Weld
LADY WITH DOG	Margaret Linden
THREE SMALL BOYS	{ Billy Winston, Joseph Taibi { Sidney Lumet
2ND CHAUFFEUR	Richard Clark
SECOND AVENUE BOYS	David Gorcey, Leo Gorcey
MRS MARTIN	Marjone Main
PATROLMAN MULLIGAN	Robert J Mulligan
FRANCEY	Sheila Trent

G MEN	{ Francis de Sales, Dan Duryea Edward P Goodnow
POLICEMEN	{ Francis G Cleveland William Toubin
PLAINCLOTHESMAN	George Steele
INTERNE	Philip Bourneuf
MEDICAL EXAMINER	Lewis L Russel
SAILOR	Bernard Zanville

Directed by Sidney Kingsley

DEAD END

ACT ONE

Dead end of a New York street, ending in a wharf over the East River To the left are a high terrace and a white iron gate leading to the back of the exclusive East River Terrace Apartments Hugging the terrace and filing up the street are a series of squalid tenement houses

Beyond the wharf is the East River, covered by a swirling scum an inch thick A brown river, mucky with floating refuse and offal A hundred sewers vomit their guts into it Up-town of the wharf as we float down Hell Gate, the River voices its defiant protest in fierce whirlpools and stumbling rapids, groaning Farther down, we pass under the arch of the Queensboro Bridge, spired, delicate, weblike in superstructure, powerful and brutal in the stone and steel which it plants like uncouth giant feet on the earth In its hop, skip, and jump over the River it has planted one such foot on the Island called Welfare, once the home of hospital, insane asylum, and prison, now being dismantled, an eyesore to the fastidious who have recently become its neighbors And here on the shore, along the Fifties, is a strange sight Set plumb down in the midst of slums, antique warehouses, discarded breweries, slaughterhouses, electrical works, gas tanks, loading cranes, coal-chutes, the very wealthy have begun to establish their city residence in huge, new, palatial apartments

The East River Terrace is one of these Looking up this street from the vantage of the River, we see only a small portion of the back terrace and a gate, but they are enough to suggest the towering magnificence of the whole structure The wall is of rich, heavy masonry, guarded at the top by a row of pikes Beyond the pikes, shutting off the view of the squalid street below, is a thick edging of lush green shrubbery And beyond that, a glimpse of the tops of gaily colored sun umbrellas Occasionally the clink of glasses and laughter filter through the shrubs The exposed sidewall of the tenement is whitewashed and ornamented with an elaborate, ivy-covered trellis to hide its ugliness The gate posts are crowned with brass ship lanterns, one red, one green Through the gateway is a catwalk which leads to a floating dock, where the inhabitants of this apartment moor their boats and yachts

Contrasting sharply with all this richness is the diseased street below, filthy, strewn with torn newspapers and garbage from the tenements The tenement houses are close, dark and crumbling They crowd each other Where there are curtains in the windows, they are streaked and faded, where there are none, we see through to hideous, water-stained, peeling wallpaper, and old broken-down furniture The fire escapes are cluttered with gutted mattresses and quilts, old clothes, bread boxes, milk bottles, a canary cage an occasional potted plant struggling for life

To the right is a huge, red sand hopper standing on stilts of heavy timber several stories tall Up the street, blocking the view, is a caterpillar steam shovel Beyond it, way over to the west, are the sky-scraping parallelepipeds

of Radio City An alley-way between two tenements, tied together by drooping lines of wash, gives us a distant glimpse of the mighty Empire State Building rearing its useless mooring tower a quarter of a mile into the clouds

At the juncture of tenement house and terrace is a police call-box, at the juncture of the street and wharf is a police station bearing the warning, "Dead End"

The boards of the wharf are weatherbeaten and deeply grained, the piles are stained green with algae to where the water licks, and brown above A ladder nailed to the beams dips down into the river The sunlight tossed from the waves dances across the piles to the musical lap of the water Other river sounds counterpoint the orchestration the bells and the whistles, the clink and the chug of passing boats

A gang of boys are swimming in the sewerage at the foot of the wharf, splashing about and enjoying it immensely Some of them wear torn bathing trunks, others are nude Their speech is a rhythmic, shocking jargon that would put a truck-driver to blush

There are a few onlookers A fat, greasy woman leans out of a tenement window She is peeling an orange and throwing the peels into the street A sensitive-faced young man, in a patched, frayed shirt, open at the neck, is sitting on one of the piles In his lap is a drawing board Occasionally he will work feverishly, using pencil and triangular ruler, then he will let the pencil droop, and stare out over the river with deep-set eyes, dream-laden, moody

A tubercular-looking boy about sixteen is up near the hopper, pitching pennies to the sidewalk There is a splash of water, a loud derisive laugh, and up the ladder climbs a boy, lean, lithe, long-limbed, snub-nosed, his cheeks puffed with water Reaching the top of the ladder, he leans over and squirts out the water A yelp below He laughs again and cries "Gotcha dat time!"

Two boys come running down the street toward the wharf One, a tiny Italian with a great shock of blue-black hair, is dangling a shoe box almost as big as himself, the other, a gawky Polack, head shaven, cretinous, adenoidal, is slapping his thigh with a rolled newspaper as he runs They shout "Hi ya, Tommy?"

TOMMY H'lo, Angel! H'lo, Dippy!
(ANGEL unslings his box, and starts tearing off his clothes A squat boy with a brutish face, snot bubbling from his nostrils, climbs up after TOMMY As he reaches the top and sees the others, he shouts in a mocking sing-song, "Dopey Dippy, dopey Dippy, dopey Dippy!")

DIPPY Shat ap, will ya, Spit!

SPIT (spitting through his teeth at DIPPY, who is stripping his jersey over his head) Right inna belly-

button! (Laughs and climbs onto the wharf to sprawl next to TOMMY DIPPY mumbles and wipes out his navel with his finger)

TOMMY Lay off 'im, why doncha?

SPIT I'll knock 'im innis eye!

TOMMY Wassamattuh? Yuh a wise guy er a boy scout? C'mon in, Dippy!

ANGEL Howza wawda, Tommy?

TOMMY Boy! Duh nuts!

SPIT Geeze, great!

ANGEL Cold?

TOMMY Nah Swell Jus' right
(*Wiping off some of the river filth
that has clung to him*) Boy, deah's a
lot a junk inna wawda tuhday!

DIPPY (*pointing to some dirt on
SPIT's back*) Wat's at? (*He touches
SPIT, smells his finger and makes a
wry face*) Pee-ew, whadda stunk!
(*SPIT plucks off a huge gob of filth
and throws it at DIPPY DIPPY
whines*) What yuh wanna do dat
fuh?

SPIT Aw, I'll mobilize yuh!

TOMMY Leave 'im alone! (*To DIPPY*)
Whyn't yuh keep yuh trap shut,
huh?

DIPPY He trew dat crap on me! I
wuz

TOMMY OK OK OK (*Pointing
at some imaginary object near the
sand hopper*) Hey, felluhs, look!
(*All look off TOMMY sticks his fore-
finger next to SPIT's averted nose*)
Hey, Spit! (*SPIT turns his head and
bumps his nose on TOMMY's finger*)
The boys laugh) Nex' time leave 'im
alone, sec?
(*The cadaverous-looking lad picks
up his pennies, and comes down to
the others, boasting, "Boy, I got a
crack all a time!"*)

TOMMY (*rising*) Yeah? Aw right,
T B, I'll pitch yuh

T B OK C'mon

TOMMY Lemme a couple.

T B Yuh an' got 'ny?

TOMMY Come on! I'll pay yuh back
(*TOMMY and T B go up to the hop-
per and pitch pennies to the side
walk*)

SPIT (*turning to DIPPY, makes a
swipe at him DIPPY backs away*)
Two fuh flinchin' two fuh
flinchin'!

DIPPY I di' not

SPIT Yuh did so

DIPPY I di' not

ANGEL Whyn't cha choose? Choose
'im Choose fer it!

SPIT (*scrambling to his feet*) OK
Odds!

ANGEL Go on!

DIPPY Evens! (*SPIT and DIPPY
match fingers*) Once fuh me See?
Cheatin' shows!

SPIT Come on! Once fuh me Twice
fuh me An' tree fuh me Cheatin'
shows? Yeah Boy, ahl knock yuh
fer a loop!

ANGEL Go on, Dippy, yuh lost Yuh
git yer lumps

DIPPY (*whining*) Hey, Tommy

SPIT (*grabbing DIPPY's rolled news
paper*) Come on! (*He bangs DIPPY
twice on the head*)

DIPPY Ow! Ow! Ow! Ah,
yuh louse Yuh didn't have tuh hit
me so hahd. Wid all his might he hit
me Wid all his might, duh son uva
bitch!

TOMMY (*still absorbed in pitching pennies with T B*) Whyn't yuh pick on a kid who kin fight back?

SPIT Aw-ww!

TOMMY Ah!

(*The DOORMAN, a giant in powder-blue uniform with gilt buttons and braid, opens the gate of the apartment house, crosses to the end of the sidewalk and blows a whistle, then signals to someone up the street to come down. He turns to speak to an aristocratic OLD GENTLEMAN and OLD LADY who appear in the gateway of the East River Terraces*)

DOORMAN I'm so sorry, ma'am, but it'll only be for a day or two

OLD LADY That's quite all right

OLD GENTLEMAN (*arthritis, grumpy, walking slowly and with effort*) It isn't at all. There's no reason why we should have to walk half a block to the car.
(*A COLORED MAN in chauffeur's uniform comes down the sidewalk*)

DOORMAN I'm so sorry, sir

OLD LADY That's quite all right (*She pauses a moment, surveying the boys*) Look at this!

OLD GENTLEMAN Humph! I've seen it from the balcony

ANGEL Hey, look, guys! Dey usin' a back daw

TOMMY I wonduh why

DIPPY (*familiarly, to the young man who is sketching*) Duh yuh know, 'gimpty? Hey, Gimpty?

GIMPTY What?

DIPPY Duh yuh know why?

GIMPTY Why what?

DIPPY Why dey usin' a back daw

GIMPTY Are they?

DIPPY Yeah

GIMPTY No no, I don't
(*The COLORED CHAUFFEUR salutes the OLD MAN and offers him an arm to lean on*)

CHAUFFEUR Good afternoon, sir I'm sorry I couldn't drive the car around the

OLD LADY That's all right, Jordan Look at these youngsters! Aren't they sweet?

OLD GENTLEMAN Sweet? Yes from a distance!
(*They walk up the street, out of sight. A passing tug blasts the air with its foghorn. TOMMY, having won at penny-pitching, puts the pennies in the pocket of his trousers, which are hanging on the hopper. T B disconsolate, goes to ANGEL*)

T B Dat cleans me I dunno I kin always git a crack when I'm playin' by myself (*He watches ANGEL, who is fussing with a scrap of newspaper and some strange, brown substance*) Watcha got deah?

ANGEL It's a dried up hawse-ball

T B Watcha doin'?

ANGEL I'm gonna make some cigarettes. Some guy tole me—vuh kin make cigarettes outta dem

T B Yeah?

ANGEL Yeah I'm gonna try it

T B I never hoid a dat

ANGEL It's good Some guy tole me

TOMMY Aw, yuh crazy

ANGEL Naw it's good

T B Deah wuz a guy at rifawm school once used tuh smoke marywanna Yuh know what dat is? Dope It's like dope It's dope It gives yuh dreams

ANGEL Didja try it?

T B Nah I can't smoke on accoun' a my T B It gits me I cough like anyt'ing

ANGEL *(rises and crosses to GIMPTY)* Hey, Gimpty, got a match?

T B *(murmurs)* My pratt and your face Dat's a good match! *(Laughs to himself)*

GIMPTY What for?

DIPPY He's makin' cigarettes outta hawse-balls

GIMPTY Out of what?

ANGEL Hawse-balls

GIMPTY Throw it away, you crazy fool You want to get sick?

ANGEL I kin smoke Whadda yuh tink I yam?

GIMPTY Listen I read about a guy once who smoked that stuff You know what happened to him

ANGEL What?

GIMPTY Great, big things grew right out of his head

ANGEL *(turning away from GIMPTY, with disgust)* Aw—w—w, go wan

GIMPTY Listen if I give you a good one, will you throw that away?

ANGEL *(turning back eagerly)* Sure!

GIMPTY *(appropriates ANGEL's horrible cigarette and throws it into the water, then takes a sack of tobacco from his pocket, adeptly rolls a cigarette and holds it out to ANGEL)* Here! Stick out your tongue *(ANGEL licks the paper GIMPTY completes rolling the cigarette and gives it to him)* There you are! Now don't try that again You'll get sick as a dog Remember I'm tellin' you

ANGEL *(proudly exhibiting his cigarette)* Boy! Hey, felluhs, look! Gimpty gimme a butt *(To T B)* Gimme a light, T B *(T B fishes some matches from his pocket and lights ANGEL's cigarette)*

DIPPY *(dashing over to GIMPTY)* Me too, Gimpty! Gimme! Yew know me! Yew know me! *(DIPPY, TOMMY and SPIT descend on GIMPTY, swarming over him like a horde of locusts)* They hold out their hands and beg plaintively "Give us one! Yew know us, Gimpty!"

GIMPTY No! No! No more! Beat it! That's all! *(They only plead the louder)* I said that's all Don't you understand English? You want a boot in the behind?

(TWO MEN come down the street One, tall, young, rather good looking in a vicious way the other, older,

shorter, squat, a sledge-hammer build The first has thin nervous lips, narrow agate eyes, bloodshot A peculiarly glossy face, as if the skin had been stretched taut over the cheek-bones which are several sizes too large for the lean jaw underneath Here is a man given to sudden volcanic violences that come and are gone in a breath His movements are sharp, jerky, his reflexes exaggerated, those of a high-strung man whose nerves are beginning to snap under some constant strain He covers it, though, with a cocky swagger He walks leaning forward, hips thrown back, almost as if out of joint He wears a gray, turned-down fedora, an expensive suit, sharp style, the coat a bit too tight at the waist, pleated trousers, and gray suede shoes His squat companion is dressed almost identically, but was not designed to wear such clothes His trousers hang on his hips, revealing a bulge of shirt-waist between vest and trouser-top, his barrel of a chest is too thick for his jacket, his arms too long for the sleeves His huge fingers you notice at once! Thick stubs sticking out of the shapeless bags of his hands like the teats of a cow The TWO MEN come down almost to the edge of the wharf The tall one lights a cigarette, looks about, smiles, shakes his head, and talks sotto voce to his companion)

TOMMY (to GIMPTY) Aw, ta hell wid yuh! Cheap skate! (The boys walk away, disgusted GIMPTY rolls another cigarette, lights it, and returns to his drawing-board)

SPIT Yeah, ta hell wid 'im!

DIPPY Yeah, ta hell wid 'im!

SPIT (crosses to his clothes, which are hanging from a nail on the hopper) I dun need hisn I gotta stack a butts I picked up I'm savin'

TOMMY Give us one

DIPPY Yeah! Give us one!

SPIT Nah I'm savin' 'em

TOMMY Don' be a miser (SPIT takes out a tobacco tin, opens it, exposing a rare collection of cigarette ends gleaned from the streets Grudgingly he hands TOMMY and DIPPY a butt each, then selects a choice one for himself) Gimme a light, T B (They all light up and puff away with huge satisfaction)

ANGEL (suddenly aware of the two strangers) Shine, mistah? (The tall fellow shakes his head and turns away) A good shine Come on! (To the other) Yew? (The squat man glares at him and growls, "Yuh cock-eyed? Can't yuh see we got one?")

ANGEL (turns away, muttering) Aw call 'at a shine?

(The DOORMAN comes to the gate and holds it open A GOVERNESS, accompanied by a well-dressed, delicate-featured, little boy, comes out of the Terrace Apartments The GOVERNESS talks with a marked French accent She nods to the DOORMAN)

GOVERNESS Good afternoon

DOORMAN Good afternoon, ma'am

GOVERNESS But where is our chauffeur?

DOORMAN I think he's on the corner with the cab-drivers Shall I get him?

GOVERNESS Never mind (*To the little boy*) Wait here Attends moi ici, mon cher!

(*The DOORMAN goes in, closing the gate behind him The little boy, surveying the curious scene, answers, a bit distracted, "All right, I'll When he opens his mouth, he shows a shiny, gold orthodontic brace*)

GOVERNESS Mais, Philippe! En français!

PHILIP (*obediently*) Oui, mademoiselle, j'attendrai

GOVERNESS Très bien J'y reviendrais de suite dans deux minutes

PHILIP Oui, oui, mademoiselle (*She hurries up the sidewalk and out of sight*)

TOMMY Wee-wee! He's godda go wee-wee! (*All the boys shout with laughter*)

DIPPY Do a swan-dive, Tommy At's wad I like

TOMMY O K Hole my butt (*He hands his cigarette to DIPPY*) Hey, kid! Hey, yew! Hey, wee-wee! (*PHILIP looks at him*) Yuh wanna see sumpn? A swan-dive Watch! (*TOMMY dashes off, under the hopper We hear his "Whe-e-e" and a splash The boys cluck approval*)

PHILIP What's so wonderful about that?

ANGEL Aw, yuh fat tub a buttuh, it's more'n yew kin do

PHILIP That shows how much you know

T B I bet a dollar he can't even swim

PHILIP I can too

T B Ah, balonee!

PHILIP Balonee yourself! We've a pool in there and I swim every day with instruction

SPIT Aw, bushwah! (*TOMMY appears on the ladder DIPPY hands him his cigarette*)

DIPPY He sez dey godda pool in ere

TOMMY How wuzat swan-dive?

DIPPY He sez it wuz lousy

TOMMY (*climbing over the parapet and crossing to PHILIP, belligerently*) Oh yeah? What wuza mattuh wid it? Kin yew do betta?

PHILIP A trillion times

TOMMY Awright Lessee yuh

PHILIP Where?

TOMMY Heah!

PHILIP Here?

TOMMY Yeah, heah Yew hoid me Yew ain' deef (*Turns to the others*) His eahs ovuhlap, dat's it! (*They roar with laughter*)

PHILIP I wouldn't swim here

T B He's yelluh, dat's what! Dat's what! He's godda yelluh streak up 'is back a mile wide

PHILIP It's dirty here

DIPPY (*shocked*) Doity!

T B (*very indignant*) Doity! He sez doity He sez it's doity! I'll sock 'im!

ANGEL Lil fairy!

SPIT Wassamattuh? Yuh sca'd yuh git a hl doit on yuh?

PHILIP Besides, I haven't got my suit

TOMMY Well, go in bareass

T B Yeah, wassamattuh wid bareass?

PHILIP And besides, I'm not allowed to

DIPPY (*sing-song*) Sissy, sissy, sucks his mamma's titty!

PHILIP Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me
(*The boys crowd him back against the gate*)

TOMMY Ah, ahl spit in yuh eye an' drown yuh Hey, what's 'at junk yuh got in yuh mout like a hawse?

PHILIP It's a brace, to make my teeth straight

TOMMY Wha-r-at? I could do dat wit one wallop!
(*The gang roar with laughter*)

PHILIP You try and you'll be arrested

SPIT Yeah?

TOMMY (*contemptuously*) Look who's gonna arrest us!

PHILIP My uncle's a judge

TOMMY Balonee!

PHILIP Did you ever hear of Judge Griswald?

ANGEL So what? So I know a guy whose brudduh's a detective He'll git us out

T B Yeah? Did yuh evuh hear a Judge Poikins? Well, he's a frien' a mine, see? He sent me to nfawm school once

DOORMAN (*appears, bellowing*) What's the matter? Get away from here, you! (*They scatter, razzing him He turns to PHILIP*) Were they bothering you?

PHILIP No, I don't pay any attention to them
(*The DOORMAN opens the gate and both he and PHILIP go in The boys laugh and mock them DIPPY, pre-occupied with the phenomena of his body, suddenly discovers a lone hair on his chest*)

DIPPY Boy! Gee! Hey, I godda hair! (*He caresses it, proudly T B comes over, inspects the hair, admires it, then suddenly plucks it out, and runs away laughing and holding up the trophy DIPPY yips, first with pain, then with rage TOMMY finds an old discarded broom in the litter under the hopper He balances it skillfully on the palm of his hand*)

SPIT Gesc, I'm hungry!

TOMMY Me too!

ANGEL Boy, I'm so hungry I could eat a live dog

DIPPY (*looks up from his wounded chest*) Boy, I could eat a hot dog

ANGEL Wid sauerkraut!

DIPPY Yeah

ANGEL (*licking his lips and patting his belly*) Yum

SPIT Hey, should we go tuh Schultzie's 'n' see if we kin snitch sumpn?

TOMMY (*balancing the broom*) Nah, Schultzie's wise tuh us

ANGEL We could try some udduh staws

TOMMY (*still balancing the broom*) Nah, dey're all wise tuh us Duh minute we walk in 'ey asks us wadda we want If we had some dough, while one uv us wuz buyin' sumpn de udduh guys could swipe some stuff, see? I got faw cents, but 'at ain' enough (*He drops the broom, and becomes the man of action*) Anybody got any dough heah? Hey, yew, Angel, yuh got some?

ANGEL No, I ain'

TOMMY Come on! Don' hole out!

ANGEL Honest! I didn' git no cus-tomuh dis mawnin'

TOMMY Wheah's 'is pants? Look in 'is pants!

(T B and SPIT rush to the hopper, grab ANGEL's pants, and start rifling the pockets ANGEL follows them, yelling)

ANGEL Hey! Git outta deah! Git outta deah!

T B Nuttn but a couple a stamps 'n' a boy-scout knife

SPIT (*taking the knife himself*) Oh baby, kin I have dis?

ANGEL (*follows SPIT*) No, I need it

SPIT No, yuh don't

ANGEL Aw, Spit, gimme my knife!

SPIT (*mocking his accent*) Watsa ma'? Piza Taliana? (*He spits at him*) Right innee ear! Ha!

ANGEL (*backs a step and wipes out his ear with a finger*) Ah, yuh louse! Ast me fuh sumpn sometime 'n' see watcha git

TOMMY Give 'im 'is knife!

SPIT Da hell I will!

ANGEL Aw, Spit, gimme my knife! Tommy, make 'im, will yuh?

TOMMY Gimme dat knife!

SPIT What fuh?

TOMMY (*makes a fist and waves it in front of SPIT's nose*) Fuh dis right in yuh bugle! (*He grabs the knife and examines it*) Gese, dat's a knife! Five blades! Boy, I'd like one like 'at

(*Enter from the lower tenement door, a young BOY of about twelve, a bit timid, neatly dressed, obviously Semitic features*)

ANGEL Aw, Tommy, I need it I godda use it Honest!

TOMMY (*gives him his knife*) Here! Stop squawkin'! Don' say I nevuah gave yuh nuttin'!

ANGEL. Tanks, Tommy Dat's white

TOMMY (*good-naturedly*) Ah, shap! (*To DIPPY, who sits reflectively picking his nose*) Hey, Dippy! Pick me a big juicy one! (*DIPPY grins, rolls the resinous matter into a little ball,*

and flicks it at TOMMY TOMMY laughs, and trots up the street to join the others who are seated on a tenement stoop The TALL MAN turns from his conversation with his companion, and calls to DIPPY, "Hey, you!"

DIPPY What?

THE TALL ONE Wanna run a errand fuh me?

THE SQUAT ONE (offers) I'll go, chief What is it?

DIPPY Sure Wheah?

THE TALL ONE (points to a tenement house up the block) 418 fourth floor Mrs Martin Tell her a friend a hers wants a see her here

DIPPY O K 418? O K (He trots off)

GIMPTY (who has looked up at the sound of THE TALL MAN's voice) Don't I know you from somewhere? (The stranger's lips compress—"no") I could've sworn I

SQUAT MAN (comes over and mutters in a thick voice full of threat) He said no, didn' he? (The other restrains him with a touch on the arm)

GIMPTY Sorry (He looks down at his drawing The two walk away, and stand leaning against the wall, talking in low tones The boys on the stoop suddenly notice the little Jewish boy who is peering over the wharf)

T B Hey, look! Deah's 'at new kid 'at moved aroun' a block

SPIT, 'At's 'at Jew kid! (They rise and come down toward him)

TOMMY Hey, kid!

ANGEL Hey, kid!

THE JEWISH BOY (looks up) Wadda yuh want?

SPIT Come heah, Ikey! Come on! Don' be so slow (He comes over, eager to join them yet scared)

TOMMY Yew da noo kid onna block, aintcha?

THE JEWISH BOY Yeah

TOMMY Watsya name?

THE JEWISH BOY Milton Milton Schwartz

TOMMY Yuh wanna belong tuh are gang?

MILTY (eagerly) Yeah Shuah

TOMMY Got 'ny dough? Yuh godda be meetiated

MILTY I god tree sants

TOMMY Gimme it!

SPIT (prodding him in the ribs) Give it tuh 'im!

T B (prodding him harder and pulling him around) Go on!

TOMMY (pulling him back) Come on! Don' hole out! (MILTY fishes out three cents and hands them to TOMMY) 'At's all yuh got?

MILTY Yeah

SPIT. Sure?

MILTY Hones'

TOMMY Soich 'im!

*(They start to go through his pockets)*MILTY *(turns his pockets inside out)*

Don'! Yuh don' haf tuh Look!

SPIT Ah, you punk!

TOMMY Listen, yew! If yuh wanna belong to dis gang, yuh godda git a quatuh

MILTY A quatuh? Wheah ahm gon na git a quatuh fum?

SPIT Fum yuh ole lady

MILTY She woodn gumme no quatuh

SPIT Yuh know wheah she keeps huh money, doncha?

MILTY Dat's a sin tuh steal

SPIT *(mocking his accent)* Wassa mattuh, Ikey?

MILTY Don' make fun on me, I can' help it

SPIT *(contemptuously)* Yuh scared tuh snitch a quatuh? Gese, she won' fin' out

MILTY Yes, she would

SPIT *(still mocking him)* Oh, she counts huh money all a time, huh, Jakey Ikey?

MILTY Stop dat! Gimme back my tree sants I don' wanna hang out wid youse

TOMMY *(to SPIT)* Yuh godda watch-pocket, aintcha?

SPIT Yeah

TOMMY Guard dis dough! *(He hands the money to SPIT, who puts it in his pocket. They walk away, completely ignoring MILTY)*MILTY *(follows them, murmuring tremulously)* Gimme back my tree sants!SPIT *(whispers to the others)* Let's cockalize him!

ANGEL Wadda yuh say, Tommy?

TOMMY O K

T B Come on!

(ANGEL crosses nonchalantly behind MILTY, then crouches on his hands and knees unnoticed. The others turn and slowly approach him. Suddenly TOMMY pushes MILTY, who stumbles backward and trips over ANGEL, feet flying up. They all pounce on the prostrate boy, pin his arms and legs to the ground, unbutton his pants, pull up his shirt)

TOMMY Gimme some a dat doit!

SPIT *(scoops up a handful of dirt)* Heah!*(They rub it into MILTY's groin. He kicks and screams, hysterically laughing at the sensation. When he's through rubbing in the filth, TOMMY coughs up a huge wad of saliva and spits on MILTY's organ. Each of them spit, once round the circle. The TALL ONE and the SQUAT ONE laugh. A tattoo of heels running down the street! A whirlwind hits the group, and the boys are dispersed right and left. The whirlwind is a girl not much bigger than TOMMY, with a face resembling his—pushed-up nose and freckles. She slaps and pulls and*

pushes the boys, who scatter away, laughing and shouting. She stands there, eyes blazing.

TOMMY Aw, scram, will yuh, Drina! Scram!

DRINA Shut up! *(She helps the sobbing MILTY to his feet, brushes him off, and wipes his face, comforting him. On second glance she is not the child she seemed. Her simple dress, her hair combed back of the ears and held in place with a cheap celluloid clasp, her lithe, boyish figure combine to create the illusion of a very young girl. When she comforts MILTY, however, it is apparent in the mature quality of her solicitude that she is much older—in her earlier twenties. The TALL ONE grins at her. She throws him a contemptuous side glance and rebukes him sharply.)*

DRINA You ought to be ashamed of yourself, standing there and letting them pile up on this kid.

TOMMY Aw, Drina, will yuh butt outta this?

DRINA *(to the sniveling boy)* Are you hurt? *(To the TALL ONE)* Why didn't you stop 'em?

THE TALL ONE What fer? It'll do 'im good.

DRINA *(furiously)* Oh, yeah? I suppose it'll do you good if I crack your face, huh?

THE TALL ONE Oh, lady, yuh scare me!

DRINA Fresh guy, huh?

THE SQUAT ONE *(walks over to her, his face screwed up in disgust)* Shut yuh big mouth or I'll

THE TALL ONE *(sharply)* Hunk! Cut it! *(HUNK obeys instantly. They walk away to the bulwark.)*

TOMMY Aw, Drina, why dontcha butt outta my business?

DRINA Wait till I get you home, I'll show you butt out of *(TOMMY scratches his head. She places her hands on her hips and frowns.)* What are you scratchin' your head for? Are you buggy again? *(Her authoritative, maternal concern gives her the air of a little girl playing house.)*

TOMMY Aw, git out a heah or I'll bust yuh one!

DRINA That's fine talk, Tommy bust you one! *(He scratches again.)* There you go again! Scratchin'! *(She crosses to him.)* Come on home! I'm gonna wash your head.

TOMMY Aw, lemme alone. All a time yuh bodderin' me. *(Runs away from DRINA and climbs up the hopper like a monkey, out of her reach.)*

DRINA *(to GIMPTY)* Pete, why didn't you stop 'em?

GIMPTY I'm sorry, Drina. I didn't notice what was happenin'. I was thinkin' about somethin'.

DRINA Yeah? *(She turns to TOMMY, dangling high on his perch.)* Tommy, did you go to school today?

TOMMY Sure.

DRINA If you're lying, Tommy, I'll kill you.

TOMMY *(wiggling his toes at her)* Aw, nuts!

DRINA (*to MILTY, who is still sobbing*) What's the matter? Did they hurt you?

MILTY Dey took my money

DRINA They did? How much?

MILTY Tree sants

DRINA Tommy!

TOMMY What?

DRINA Did you take this boy's three cents?

TOMMY Nope

DRINA You did so!

TOMMY I di' not!

DRINA You did so!

TOMMY Well, I ain't got it

DRINA Who has? Who's got it? (*To ANGEL*) You?

ANGEL Not me
(*DRINA looks accusingly at T B*)

T B (*walks away, indignantly*)
Don't look at me!

TOMMY Go on, Spit, give 'im back 'is tree cents

DRINA (*turns on SPIT*) Oh, so you're the one! Come on!

SPIT (*thumps his nose*) Like hell I will

DRINA Come on!

SPIT Frig you!

DRINA (*flaring*) I'll crack you . . . you talk like that!

SPIT Ah, I'll sock yuh inna tit (*She smacks him. He clenches his fist and draws it back ready to swing*)

TOMMY (*jumps from the hopper and rushes at SPIT, fists clenched, arms raised in fighting position*) Cut dat out, yuh louse!

SPIT Well she smacked me foist
She smacked me foist No dame kin smack me foist an' get away wid it

TOMMY Give 'er dat dough

SPIT What fuh?

TOMMY Give her da dough Dat', what fuh

SPIT Yeah?

TOMMY Yeah

SPIT Ah, yuh mudduh's chooch!

TOMMY Ah, yuh fadduh's doop!

DRINA Keep quiet, Tommy! (*To SPIT*) Come on! Come on!

TOMMY Hurry up! Give 'er dat dough! (*Pause. SPIT grudgingly gives her the money. TOMMY drops his hands and returns to the hopper, whistling. DRINA hands the money back to MILTY*)

DRINA Here

MILTY Tanks!

DRINA That's all right You look like a nice boy Stay away from them They're no good They're bums

SPIT (*sullen, but seeking an ally*)
Come on, Angel Y'ain' bin in yet
Wanna go in?

ANGEL O K

SPIT Last one in's a stinkin' rotten egg!
(*They rush off and jump into the water with great splashes T B remains near the hopper, watching Off right voices are heard A tall, lean, soft-spoken gentleman, middle-aged, wearing shell-rimmed glasses and carrying a pipe, appears at the gate He is followed by a plumpish man of about the same age PHILIP opens the gate for them, smiling*)

PHILIP Hello, daddy!

PHILIP'S FATHER Hello, son Shoulders back! (*PHILIP straightens*) Attaboy Where's Jeanne?

PHILIP She went to find Charles

PHILIP'S FATHER Oh? And where's he?

PHILIP I don't know

PHILIP'S FATHER (*goes up the street, looks into the tenement hallway He shakes his head in disapproval and turns to his companion*) Sav, Jones! Look at this at our back door!
(*JONES nods*)

DRINA (*to GIMPTY*) You let them take his money without even interfering Shame on you!

GIMPTY I told you I didn't notice what was happening My mind was on somethin' else

DRINA Ah, you're always sticking up for them. (*To TOMMY*) Tommy! I'm

gonna get some kerosene and clean your head right away

TOMMY Aw—w—w

DRINA Don't aw—w—w me! (*She walks up the street TOMMY jumps down from the hopper and dives into the water*)

PHILIP'S FATHER Hm! Whose property is this?

JONES I think J and J I'm not sure, Griswald

GRISWALD Why don't they keep it in repair?

JONES What for! It's valuable stuff as it is No upkeep

GRISWALD (*gasps at the stench that comes out of the building*) Phew! What do they do? Use this hallway as a latrine?

JONES Probably

GRISWALD Hm! Terrible!

JONES Well, these people have to live some place

GRISWALD (*groping in his coat pockets*) Hm Forgot my tobacco pouch Will you run up and get it for me, son?

PHILIP Sure, daddy! Where is it?

GRISWALD Now, let me see I think it's I'd better go myself (*Turns to JONES*)

JONES I'll go up with you

GRISWALD We'll be down in a minute Ask Charles to wait for us

PHILIP Certainly, daddy

GRISWALD Thanks, son (*They go off into the apartment house* DIPPY comes running down the sidewalk)

DIPPY I fuhgot Wot wuzat name? Moitle?

THE TALL ONE Martin!
(HUNK, the squat man, cautions him with a tug GIMPTY's head jerks up He stares at the TALL ONE)

HUNK Maybe I better go

THE TALL ONE O K 418, fourth floor (*To DIPPY*) Nevuh mind, kid (*To HUNK*) And while yuh at it, look in at tailor's I tole yuh

HUNK (*nods*) Check! (*Exit HUNK up the sidewalk*)

DIPPY I'll go I'll go git her

THE TALL ONE Beat it!

DIPPY Don' I git nuttin'? I went part a da way

THE TALL ONE Nuttin' fer nuttin' Beat it!

DIPPY Ah, dat's a lousy trick tuh play on a kid

THE TALL ONE (*raises his foot to kick DIPPY*) Come on!
(DIPPY runs to the ladder, grumbling, climbs over, yells)

DIPPY Hey! Yew! (*The TALL ONE turns to look*) Go tuh hell! (*And he quickly jumps into the water* The TALL ONE laughs, comes down to the edge of the wharf, and watches DIPPY splash away)

GIMPTY (*snaps his fingers Sudden recollection*) Martin! Baby-face Martin!

THE TALL ONE (*wheels to face GIMPTY, one hand reaching under his coat for a shoulder holster*) I ain't Martin, you bastard!

GIMPTY Don't you remember me?

MARTIN O K Yew asked fer it an' yuh git it!

GIMPTY I'm Gumpy Remember?

MARTIN Gumpy?

GIMPTY Sure, Baby-face I

MARTIN Sh! Shat ap! My name's Johnson Git it? Johnson

GIMPTY We were kids here Don't you remember? I was one of the gang

MARTIN (*squints at him carefully for a long time*) Yeah

GIMPTY You don't have to worry about me

MARTIN I ain't worryin' about you I'm worryin' about me (*His hand emerges slowly from under his coat*) You wuz dat funny kid who used to mind my clothes when I went swimmin'

GIMPTY Yeah

MARTIN Yeah 'At's right Kin yuh still keep yer lips buttoned up?

GIMPTY I guess so

MARTIN Yuh guess so! Yuh better find out And God-damn quick!

GIMPTY You know me, Marty, I
(*A man comes out of the East River Terrace*)

MARTIN Sh! (*MARTIN waits till the man is out of hearing, then relaxes*)
O K Ony, I'm tellin' yuh, if it wuz anybody else, so help me God, I'd
(*Gestures with thumb and forefinger, as if reaching for his gun*)

GIMPTY Thanks What did you do to your face?

MARTIN Operation Plastic, dey call it

GIMPTY Oh! And you dyed your hair, too

MARTIN Yeah I guess yuh read about me

GIMPTY Sure You're the headliner these days

MARTIN God-damn right! (*Pauses Looks around reminiscently and nods toward the East River Terrace Apartments*) Hey, dat's somethin' new, ain't it?

GIMPTY No It's been up a couple of years

MARTIN Yeah? What is it?

GIMPTY One of the swellest apartment houses in town

MARTIN Yuh don't tell me! Well, what do yuh know!

GIMPTY Yeah You have to have blue blood, a million bucks, and a yacht to live in there, or else you have to
(*Breaks off, moodily*)

MARTIN What?

GIMPTY Oh, nothin'

MARTIN Come on! I don't like 'at If you're gonna say it, say it

GIMPTY It's nothin' You see over there? They got a floatin' dock

MARTIN Yeah What's it doin' there? Right by de ole wharf We used to pee over deah remember?

GIMPTY Yeah

MARTIN Uh-huh (*Regards GIMPTY quizzically*) What's your racket?

GIMPTY I'm an architect

MARTIN What's dat?

GIMPTY I design hous-s

MARTIN Yuh don't say! What do yuh know! Little Gimpty, an' look at 'im! An architect! Well, I always knew yuh'd come trew Yuh had somethin' here, kid! (*Taps his head*) Yep Well, I'm glad tuh see yuh doin' O K, Gimpty Not like dese udder slob's Yuh must be in a big dough, huh?

GIMPTY (*laughs*) Nine out of ten architects are out of work

MARTIN Yeah?

GIMPTY Yeah

MARTIN So what da hell's a good?

GIMPTY That's the question Don't ask me I don't know Strictly speakin', I'm not even an architect You see, before you're an architect, you got to build a huse, an' before

anybody'll let you build 'em a house, you got to be an architect

MARTIN Sounds screwy

GIMPTY Yeah, I guess it is Besides, nobody's building any more, anyway

MARTIN An' fer dat yuh had tuh go tuh high school?

GIMPTY College, too

MARTIN College? Yuh went tuh college?

GIMPTY Six years

MARTIN Six years? Why, yuh son uv a bitch, yuh're marvelous!

GIMPTY Well, I won a scholarship, and Mom worked like hell and here I am I was doin' a little work for the government, but

MARTIN Oh, yeah?

GIMPTY No don't get excited
On a slum clearance project But that folded up I'm on home relief now

MARTIN Oh!
(A MAN comes down the street and enters the tenement He bangs the door MARTIN starts and looks back jerkily)

GIMPTY Say, is it so smart for you to come here? With that big reward

MARTIN I ain' here I'm out West Read da papers

GIMPTY Have you seen your mother yet?

MARTIN No Dat's one reason why I come back I ain't see de old lady 'n seven years I kind a got a yen Yuh know?

GIMPTY Sure I saw her here day before yesterday

MARTIN Yeah? I taught she might be aroun' How's she look?

GIMPTY All right

MARTIN Gese Seven years! Since a day I come out a reform school Say, yew came down 'ere wid her tuh meet me, didn' cha?

GIMPTY Yeah

MARTIN Sure 'At's right

GIMPTY Well, you've gone a long way since then

MARTIN Yeah

GIMPTY You know, Marty, I never could quite believe it was you

MARTIN Why not?

GIMPTY To kill eight men?

MARTIN Say, what ta hell a yuh tryin' tuh do? Tell me off, yuh bastard Why, I'll

GIMPTY No, Marty

MARTIN Say, maybe yuh changed, huh? Maybe yuh become a rat Maybe yuh'd like tuh git dat faw grand 'at's up fuh me

GIMPTY You know better

MARTIN I'm not so sure Fawty-two hundred bucks is pretty big dough fer a joik like yew

GIMPTY. You can trust me

MARTIN Den don' gimme any a dat crap! What ta hell did yuh tink I wuz gonna do, hang aroun' 'is dump wait-in' fer Santa Claus tuh take care a me, fer Chris' sake? Looka yew! What a yew got? Six years yuh went tuh college an what da hell a yuh got? A lousy handout a thoity bucks a month! Not fer me! I yain't like yew punks starvin' an' freezin' fuh what? Peanuts? Coffee an'? Yeah, I got mine, but I took it Look! (*Pulls at his shirt*) Silk Twenty bucks Look a dis! (*Pulls at his jacket*) Custom tailored—a hunderd an' fifty bucks Da fat a da land I live off of An' I got a flock a dames at'd make yew guys water at da mout' At'd make yew slobs run off in a dark corner when yuh see dere picture an play pocket-pool

GIMPTY Ain't you ever scared?

MARTIN Me? What of? What ta hell, yuh can't live faever Ah, I don' know Sure! Sometimes I git da jitters An' sometimes I git a terrific yen tuh stay put, an' Ah, ta hell wid it! Say, do yew remember dat kid Francey?

GIMPTY Francey?

MARTIN She wuz my goil when we were kids

GIMPTY Oh, yeah She was a fine girl I remember

MARTIN Yew bet Ey don' make no more like her I know I had 'em all Yuh ain't seen her around, have yuh?

GIMPTY No

MARTIN Hoid anythin' about her?

GIMPTY No

MARTIN Gee, I got a terrific yen tuh see dat kid again At's why I come back here I wonder what she's doin' Maybe she got married Nah, she couldn't! Maybe she died Nah, not Francey! She had too much on a ball, too much stuff guts Yeah, she wuz like me Nuttin' kin kill Baby-face Martin an' nuttin' kin kill her Not Francey Gese, I wonder what's become a her?

GIMPTY She's the girl whose uncle owns a tailor shop around the corner, isn't she?

(MILTY strolls over to the parapet and stands looking into the water)

MARTIN Yeah Yuh remember her now

GIMPTY Sure I remember her, all right

MARTIN I tole Hunk, he's one a my boys, tuh look in 'ere an' see if he could git her address Gese, I gotta see dat kid again!

(SPIT climbs out of the water, goes to MILTY and, in one sweep of his arm, tears MILTY's fly open)

SPIT Tree bagger!

MILTY Stop dat!

SPIT (*threatening him*) What?

TOMMY (*follows SPIT over the parapet*) Aw, cut it out, Spit We gave 'im enough fuh one time

SPIT I'll knock 'im intuh da middle a next week!

TOMMY (*tearing open SPIT's fly*) Home run!

(The rest of the KIDS climb out of the water MILTY joins them in laughing at SPIT's discomfiture)

SPIT *(turning on MILTY)* What a yuh laughin' at?

DIPPY Yeah, what?

SPIT Sock 'im, Dippy

DIPPY Aw, I could lick 'im wid one han' tied behin' my back *(Taps MILTY's shoulder with his clenched fist in rhythm to)* Tree, six, nine, da fight is mine, I kin lick yew any ole time Tree, six, nine, da

MILTY Git outa heah Lemme alone *(He swings at DIPPY, who retreats frightened)*

SPIT *(grabbing MILTY roughly by his shirt)* Oh a tough guy, huh?

TOMMY I said leave 'im alone We giv' 'im enough fuh one time

SPIT *(releases MILTY and goes to TOMMY, threateningly)* Wheah da hell a yuh come off, all a time tellin' me what tuh do?

TOMMY I'll put yew out like a light

SPIT *(spitting at TOMMY)* Right inna nose!

TOMMY *(ducks, and the wad of saliva flies over his head)* Miss! Now yuh git yer lumps!

SPIT Try it! Wanna make somethin' out uv it? Come on! Come on! *(He starts dancing in front of TOMMY, waves his fists and mutters dire threats TOMMY suddenly gives him one terrific blow and SPIT collapses, his nose bleeding)*

GIMPTY Hey!

TOMMY Hay fuh hosses! It wuz comin' tuh him *(To MILTY, patting his back)* O K, kid! Yew kin stick aroun'
(HUNK enters down the sidewalk)

T B Hey, Tommy, len' me a couple a my pennies I wanna practice pitch-in'

TOMMY O K
(They pitch pennies from the hopper to the sidewalk)

MARTIN *(to GIMPTY)* Da kids aroun' here don' change! *(Turns, meets HUNK's suspicious stare at GIMPTY, to HUNK)* He ain' nuttin' tuh worry about

HUNK It's your funeral as well as mine

MARTIN Did yuh git huh address?

HUNK Yuh mudder's out Deah wuz no answer

MARTIN Francey What about huh?

HUNK Dee old joker said ee didn' know, but ee gimme da address of her aunt in Brooklyn She might know

MARTIN Well, hop a cab an' git it

HUNK *(making a wry face)* Brooklyn?

MARTIN Yeah

HUNK Oh, hell!

MARTIN Come on! Stop crappin' aroun'

HUNK Awright

(Exit up the sidewalk)

SPIT (to **PHILIP**, who has appeared on the terrace to watch the fight)
Whadda yuh lookin' at, huh Yuh nosey li'l

PHILIP Nosey nothing It's a free country, isn't it?

TOMMY Hey, wee-wee, what ah yuh, a boy 'r a goil?

T B He's a goil, cantcha see?

PHILIP I'm a man!

(**T B** razzes him loudly *Philip razzes loudly back*)

T B Wassamattuh? Yew a wise guy?

PHILIP Yes, I am

T B Oh, yeah?

PHILIP I can name all the Presidents of the United States Can you?

T B What? Tommy kin

PHILIP Ah-h-h!

TOMMY I used tuh be able tuh

T B Ah, I bet yuh I bet yuh a dollar ee kin I bet yuh

PHILIP All right

T B Aw right what?

PHILIP I'll bet you a dollar

T B What?

PHILIP (takes a dollar bill from his pocket and proudly waves it aloft)
Put up your dollar!

DIPPY Gese, a buck!

T B (slaps his cheek in amazement)
A whole real live dollar my gawdl
(**ANGEL** and **SPIT**, impressed, exclaim and whistle)

PHILIP Aw, you haven't even got a dollar

T B Yeah, well show 'im, Tommy, anyway Show 'im! Jus' show 'im up, will yuh?

PHILIP Washington, Adams, Jefferson Go on! Name the next three!

TOMMY Madison Harrison
no

PHILIP Wrong!

TOMMY Well, I used tuh know 'em I fergit

PHILIP Aw-w

TOMMY Well, who cares, anyway? Yuh li'l sissy! Let's cockalize 'im! Whadda yuh say? Come on! (*Chorus of approval They start climbing up the wall, but the DOORMAN appears just in time*)

DOORMAN Get out of here! (*He gives them a dirty look, then exits, closing the gate*)

TOMMY Wait till I git yew I'll fix your wagon! Come heah, guys We gotta git dat kid away from deah We gotta git him
(*The gang all huddle about TOMMY, whispering Three smaller BOYS straggle down the street and sit on the curb They try to insinuate their way into the conclave*)

TOMMY (*to the three smaller boys*) Hey, whata yew want? (*The three smaller boys don't answer, but are ready for a fight*) Angel, tell yuh kud brudder tuh git da hell outta heah!

ANGEL Beat it!

TOMMY Go home and tell yuh mud-der she wants yuh!

ANGEL (*rises, rushes the kids The smallest stops to fight him, but ANGEL routs them and they flee up the sidewalk*) Dat crazy brudduh a mine! (*DRINA enters down the street, carrying a can of kerosene*)

MARTIN Well, keep yer nose clean, Gimpty, an' yer lips buttoned up tight, see?

GIMPTY Forget it!
(*MARTIN exits up the sidewalk, eyeing DRINA as she passes him*)

DRINA Come on, Tommy

TOMMY Not now, I'm busy

DRINA Tommy, don't be like that, will you? You can't go around with a head full of livestock

TOMMY I ain't got no bugs

DRINA (*grabbing him, as he pulls away*) Let me see come here!
(*She examines his head*) Whew! You ain't! You got an army with a brass band Come on home

TOMMY Wassamattuh wid tuh-night?

DRINA Tonight I got a strike meetin' I don't know what time I'll be home

TOMMY Aw, yew an' yuh lousy meetin's

DRINA It ain't no fun for me, Tommy Come on an' let's get you cleaned up

TOMMY Aw, Drina!

DRINA I don't like it any more than you do

TOMMY Gese, look it! (*He points up the street, and DRINA relaxes her hold on him TOMMY rushes off under the hopper and dives into the water with a "Whee-ee" The other kids laugh and then straggle up the street to sit in a huddle on the doorstep of a tenement house*)

DRINA Tommy!

GIMPTY (*laughs DRINA looks at him He smiles understandingly*) You've got a tough job on your hands, Drina

DRINA (*peering over the wharf, following TOMMY with her eyes*) He's really a good kid

GIMPTY (*also watches TOMMY, whom we can hear thrashing the water with a clock-work, six-beat crawl*) Sure

DRINA Just a little wild

GIMPTY Hey Tommy's got a good crawl-kick!

DRINA (*calling*) Tommy! Come on!
(*TOMMY shouts under the water, making a noise like a seal DRINA laughs against her will*) What are you gonna do with a kid like that?

GIMPTY (*laughs*) I don't know

DRINA (*seating herself on the parapet, next to GIMPTY*) It's not that he's dumb, either I went to see his teacher yesterday She said he's one of the smartest pupils she's got But he won't work Two weeks he played hookey

GIMPTY I don't blame him

DRINA I can't seem to do anything with him It was different when Mom was alive She could handle him and between us we made enough money to live in a better neighborhood than this If we win this strike, I'm gonna move, get him outta here the first thing

GIMPTY Yeah That's the idea

DRINA (*noticing his drawings*) What've you got there? More drawings?

GIMPTY Couple a new ideas in community housing Here! See? (*He passes the drawing pad to her*)

DRINA (*studies them and nods admiration*) Yeah They're beautiful houses, Pete But what's the good? Is anybody going to build them?

GIMPTY No

DRINA (*handing back the drawings*) So what?

GIMPTY All my life I've wanted to build houses like these Well I'm gonna build 'em, see? Even if it's only on paper

DRINA A lot of good they'll do on paper Your mother told me you've even given up looking for a job lately

GIMPTY (*suddenly bitter and weary*) Sure What's the use? How long have you been on strike now?

DRINA A month

GIMPTY Picketin' an' fightin' an' broken heads For what?

DRINA For what? For two dollars and fifty cents a week extra Eleven dollars a month, Pete All toward rent So's Tommy an' I can live in a decent neighborhood

GIMPTY Yeah You're right there I've seen this neighborhood make some pretty rough guys You've heard about Baby-face Martin? He used to live around here

DRINA Yeah I read about it

GIMPTY I used to know him

DRINA You did? What was he like? (*TOMMY climbs up out of the water, breathless He lies on the parapet, listening*)

GIMPTY As a kid, all right more than all right Yeah, Drina, the place you live in is awfully important It can give you a chance to grow, or it can twist you— (*He twists an imaginary object with grim venom*) —like that When I was in school, they used to teach us that evolution made men out of animals They forgot to tell us it can also make animals out of men

TOMMY Hey, Gimpty

GIMPTY Yeah?

TOMMY What's evilushin? (*He clambers along the parapet and lies on his stomach in front of DRINA*)

GIMPTY (*looks at TOMMY a moment, smiles, and comes out of his dark mood*) What's evolution, Tommy? Well, I'll tell you A thousand million years ago we were all worms in the mud, and that evolution made us men

DRINA And women!

GIMPTY And women

TOMMY An' boys and goids?

GIMPTY And boys and girls

TOMMY Ah, I wuzn't even born a tousán' million years ago

GIMPTY No, but your great, great, great, great grandfather and mother were, and before them their great, great, great, great grandfather and mother were worms

TOMMY Blah-h-h!

DRINA (*impressed*) It's like God!

GIMPTY It is God! Once it made dinosaurs—animals as big as that house

TOMMY As big as 'at?

DRINA Sure

TOMMY Wow!

GIMPTY Then it didn't like its work and it killed them Every one of them! Wiped 'em out!

TOMMY Boy! I'd like tuh see one a dem babies

GIMPTY I'll show you a picture some time

TOMMY Will yah?

GIMPTY Sure

TOMMY 'At'll be swell, Gimpty (*SPIT appears on the ladder and stops to listen, hanging from the top rung.*)

GIMPTY Once evolution gave snakes feet to walk on

TOMMY Snakes? No kiddin'!

SPIT (*sings in mockery*) Te-da-da-da-da-bushwah, te-da-da bushwah!

TOMMY Shat ap! Right innée eye! (*He spits* SPIT *jumps back into the water*)

DRINA Tommy, cut that out! See? You're like an animal

TOMMY Well he does it tuh all ee udduh kids Anyhow, what happened tuh duh snakes' feet?

GIMPTY Evolution took 'em away The same as ostriches could once fly I bet you didn't know that

TOMMY No

GIMPTY Well, it's true And then it took away their power to fly The same as it gave oysters heads

TOMMY Oysters had heads?

GIMPTY Once, yeah.

TOMMY Aw-w!

DRINA Sh, listen!

GIMPTY Then it took them away. "Now men," says Evolution, "now men"—(*Nods to DRINA, acknowledging her contribution*)—"and women

I made you walk straight, I gave you feeling, I gave you reason, I gave you dignity, I gave you a sense of beauty, I planted a God in your heart Now let's see what you're going to do with them An' if you can't do anything with them, then I'll take 'em away Yeah, I'll take away your reason as sure as I took away the head of the oyster, and your sense of beauty as I took away the flight of the ostrich, and men will crawl on their bellies on the ground like snakes or die off altogether like the dinosaur"

(A very attractive, smartly-groomed YOUNG LADY in a white linen suit comes out of the gate She brings a clean coolness into this sweltering street She has a distinctive, lovely face, high forehead, patrician nose, relieved by a warm, wide, generous mouth and eyes that shut and crinkle at the corners when she smiles—which she is doing now)

TOMMY Gee!

GIMPY That scare you?

TOMMY Wow!

ANGEL *(who has been sitting on the tenement steps up the street watching T B and DIPPY climb the steam shovel, notices the woman come out of the gate)* Hey, Gimpty, heah's yuh goil friend!

GIMPY Oh, hello, Kay!

KAY Hello, Pete *(Her manner is simple, direct, poised and easy She is a realist, no chichi, no pretense And she is obviously very fond of GIMPY)*

DIPPY *(to T B)* Hey, Gimpty's goil fren come outta deah

T B *(rising)* No kid! No kid!

ANGEL Gee whiz! *(The THREE BOYS saunter down to KAY)*

DIPPY Do yew live in deah?

GIMPY *(embarrassed)* Hey!

KAY *(laughs)* Yes

ANGEL Have dey really got a swimmin' pool in 'at joint?

KAY Yes A big one

DIPPY Ah you a billionairess?

KAY No

DIPPY Millionairess?

KAY No

GIMPY Hey-y-y!

ANGEL Den what a yuh doin' comm'n' out a deah?

DRINA Angelo! *(To KAY)* Don't mind him!

KAY *(smiling)* Oh, he's all right

DIPPY I got it She's a soivant goil

T B Nah, she's too swell-dressed all a time
(KAY laughs)

GIMPY *(squirming with embarrassment)* Look! Will you kids beat it? Scram! Get outta here! Go on!

DRINA Come on, Tommy! I'm gonna wash your head

TOMMY *(crawling over to the ladder)* Nah! Hey, Gimpty 'at evilushin guy

GIMPTY What about him?

TOMMY Did he make everything?

GIMPTY Yeah

TOMMY Bugs too?

GIMPTY Yeah

TOMMY (to DRINA) Deah yuh ah! God niakes bugs an' yew wanna kill 'em (Gently chiding her as if she were a naughty child) Is 'at nice? (He dives off the ladder into the water) Whee-e-e!

KAY He's very logical

DRINA Yeah That part's all right, but he's very lousy too, an' that part ain't (She calls) Tommy! Come on! (More splashing of the water from TOMMY)

DIPPY Wheel! Look! He's a flyin' fish! Do dat again, Tommy! Wait, I'm comin', Tommy! (He mounts the parapet) Look a me! I'm divin' a backjack! (He stands poised for a backjack, then looks back and downward, fearfully It's awfully high) Wait a minute! Wait . . . wait! (He climbs two rungs down the ladder Looks down Nods This is better) I'm divin' a backjack! Watch out, Tommy! (He jumps sprawling out of sight A tremendous splash KAY looks over the parapet laughing DIPPY calls up) How wuz 'at?

KAY Beautiful!

T B Stunks! (He walks off toward the hopper arm in arm with ANGEL TWO girls come out of the Terrace, and walk up the street, chattering T B and ANGEL follow them, mimicking their mincing walk, and making indecent remarks One of the GIRLS

stops and turns to slap ANGEL. The BOYS laugh and run off behind the hopper The TWO GIRLS go up the street, one indignant, the other giggling KAY has picked up GIMPTY's drawings and is admiring them DRINA stares enviously at KAY, at her modish coiffeur, at her smart suit, at her shoes KAY becomes conscious of the scrutiny and turns DRINA, embarrassed, drops her eyes, then calls to TOMMY

DRINA Tommy! Coming?

TOMMY (from the water) No-o-o!

DRINA Well, I'm goin' home I can't wait here all day (She goes)

GIMPTY They're using the back entrance to-day

KAY (handing him the drawing pad) Yes There's some trouble in front They've ripped up the whole street (She looks out across the river, and breathes deep) It's a grand day, isn't it?

GIMPTY Yeah

KAY Oh! I was talking to some of Jack's friends last night I thought they could find something for you (Produces a business card from her pocket) Here's a man who said you might come up and speak to him. Here's his card

GIMPTY (takes the card from her, and reads it) Del Block Oh, yeah . . . he's a good man Thanks! Geel Thanks!

KAY I don't know if it'll help much

GIMPTY This is swell of you! (He looks at her a moment, lost in admiration Then shyly, with a good deal

of hesitation and groping for the right words) I was telling Mom about you last night I been kind of going around the house like a chicken with its head chopped off and Mom asked me why So I told her

KAY What?

GIMPTY Oh, just a little about you How we'd got to talking here, and meeting every day, and what great friends we've become How you've been trying to help me And that I worship you!

KAY You didn't!

GIMPTY Well, I do Do you mind?

KAY (*deeply touched*) Mind? You fool! What'd she say?

GIMPTY She said you sounded like a very real, good person

KAY Good? Did you tell her all about me? About Jack?

GIMPTY Yeah

KAY Your mother must be a sweet woman I'd like to meet her some time

GIMPTY (*enthusiastically*) She'd be tickled Will you?

KAY Right now, if you like

GIMPTY Well, she's out for the afternoon

KAY Oh!

GIMPTY Maybe I can get her down here day after tomorrow, huh?

KAY (*pauses, then, a bit depressed*) I may not be here then I may leave tomorrow

GIMPTY Tomorrow?

KAY Night Jack's going on a fishing trip He wants me with him

GIMPTY Isn't that sudden?

KAY He's been planning it for some time

GIMPTY How long will you be gone?

KAY About three months

GIMPTY That's a long time

KAY Yes
(*Down the street strides a well-dressed, rather handsome man in his early forties, hard lines around the eyes At the moment he is hot and uncomfortable He eyes the tene-ments curiously as he passes them The DOORMAN appears as he starts to enter the gate He asks the DOORMAN in a cultured, quiet voice, "What happened in front?"*)

DOORMAN I'll tell you, Mr Hilton You see, the gas mains

KAY (*rises*) Hello, Jack!

HILTON (*turns around, sees KAY Surprised*) Hello! What're you doing here? He crosses to her)

KAY Oh, I just came out

HILTON (*takes off his panama, wipes the sweat band and mops his brow with a handkerchief*) Phew! It's been a hell of a day, arranging things at the office Well, I've made the plans for the trip. Everything's set.

The boat's in shape. I've talked to Captain Swanson
(DIPPY climbs up over the parapet, talking to himself)

DIPPY Hooray fuh me! I did a back-jack! (To GIMPTY) Wuz 'at good, Gimpty?

GIMPTY All right!

DIPPY (to KAY) Hey, Gimpty's goul friend, wuz 'at good?

KAY Beautiful
(DIPPY, patting his chest and gloating "Attaboy, Dippy!" goes back into the water HILTON is puzzled and annoyed He looks at KAY)

HILTON What's all this about?

KAY Nothing

HILTON What's all this about?

KAY Nothing

HILTON (his voice begins to rasp)
Come on Let's go in

KAY It's nice out I'd like to take a walk first

HILTON You'll do that later Come on

KAY I have a little headache I want to stay out a few minutes more

HILTON Take an aspirin and you'll be all right Come on!

KAY Please!

HILTON We've a million things to do

KAY. You go ahead. I'll be right in

HILTON (casts a glance at GIMPTY).
What's the big attraction out here?

KAY Nothing

HILTON Then stop acting like a prima donna and come on in

KAY Please don't make a fuss

HILTON (suddenly loses his temper and snaps) It's not me it's you! Damn it, I've been tearing around all day like a madman, and I come home and find you behaving like a cheap

KAY Jack!

HILTON (bites his lip, controls himself, and mutters curtly) All right! Stay there! (He goes in KAY follows him to the gate, pauses there, uncertain Then indulges in a momentary flash of temper, herself)

KAY Oh let him! (She returns slowly)

GIMPTY Is that the guy?

KAY Yes (Then, not to be unfair) Don't judge him by this He's really not so bad He's going to be sorry in a few minutes He's so darn jealous His wife gave him a pretty raw deal You can't blame him for

GIMPTY (suddenly inflamed) All right! If it were anybody else, all right! But you? He can't treat you like that!

KAY (sits there a while in silence, thinking Finally, she speaks, slowly, almost in explanation to herself) I've been living with Jack a little over a year now He isn't usually like this. You see, he really loves me.

GIMPTY He has a funny way of showing it

KAY He wants me to marry him

GIMPTY Are you going to?

KAY I don't know

GIMPTY Do you love him?

KAY I like him

GIMPTY Is that enough?

KAY I've known what it means to scrimp and worry and never be sure from one minute to the next I've had enough of that for one lifetime

GIMPTY (*intensely*) But Kay, not to look forward to love God, that's not living at all!

KAY (*not quite convincing*) I can do without it

GIMPTY That's not true It isn't, is it?

KAY (*smiles wryly*) Of course not (*A very stout LADY with much bosom comes out of the gate, fondling a tiny, black dog*)

TOMMY (*clambering over the parapet, sees the dog and chuckles*) Look a dat cockaroach, will yuh? Hey, lady, wheah didja git dat cockaroach?

FAT LADY Well, of all the little! (*TOMMY starts to bark The dog yaps back, and struggles to escape The other boys climb up and bark in various keys The three SMALLER BOYS appear and join in the medley The stout LADY is distraught She shouts at them, but to no avail*) Get away from here, you little beasts!

SPIT In yuh hat, fat slob! (*And he continues barking*)

FAT LADY Wha-a-at? Doorman! (*To the frantic dog*) Quiet Buddy darling! Quiet! Doorman! (*The DOORMAN comes out on the run and chases the boys away They run en masse to the hopper TOMMY climbs up on it The SMALLER BOYS retire to the steps of an upper tenement doorway MR GRISWALD, PHILIP, and MR JONES come out of the East River Terrace Apartments*)

GRISWALD What's the matter?

DOORMAN Those kids! They're terrible, sir

PHILIP They wanted to hit me, too, daddy!

GRISWALD Oh, yes? Why? What did you do to them? (*Smiles at JONES*)

PHILIP Nothing

GRISWALD Sure?

PHILIP Honest, daddy, I didn't say anything to them

DOORMAN It's all their fault, sir

FAT LADY They're really horrible brats And their language!

TOMMY (*hanging from the hopper*) Ah, shat ap, yuh fat bag a hump!

GRISWALD You touch him again and I'll break your necks

TOMMY Balls to yew, faw eyes!

GRISWALD (*to PHILIP, as he takes his arm and walks him up the street*) The next time you hit them *back*.

PHILIP But they all pile up on you, daddy

GRISWALD Oh, is that so? Well, I think I'm going to buy you a set of gloves and teach you how to box
(*They continue up the sidewalk, followed by JONES*)

PHILIP Will you, daddy?
(*THE GOVERNESS and a young CHAUFFEUR in maroon livery meet them*)

GOVERNESS Bonjour, monsieur:

CHAUFFEUR (*saluting*) I'm sorry to keep you waiting, sir, but

GRISWALD (*waves them ahead*) That's all right Never mind (To PHILIP) The next time someone attacks you, you'll be able to defend yourself

MR JONES That's the idea!

TOMMY (*shouts up the street after them*) Yeah! Wid ee army an' navy behin' 'im! (*Gang laughs and shouts*)
TOMMY jumps down from the hopper The FAT LADY waddles across to KAY)

TOMMY Come 'ere, guys, I got a scheme how we kin git dat kid an' cockalize 'im (*They gather in a huddle*)

ANGEL How?

TOMMY (*subsiding to a whisper*) Foist we git 'im inna hallway, an'

FAT LADY. The little Indians! They oughtn't to be allowed in the street with decent people
(*Exit the DOORMAN, closing the gate*)

GIMPTY No? What would you do with them?

FAT LADY Send them all away

GIMPTY Where?

FAT LADY I'm sure I don't know

GIMPTY Huh!
(*Great outburst of laughter from the huddle*)

T B Dat'll work! You'll see! Dat'll git 'im!

TOMMY Wait! Shat ap! I got maw
(*The conclave becomes a whispered one again*)

FAT LADY The little savages! They're all wicked It's born in them They inherit it

GIMPTY (*suddenly bursts out, a bitter personal note in his passion*) In heritance? Yeah You inherit a castle thirty stories over the river, or a stinkin' hole in the ground! Wooden heads are inherited, but not wooden legs nor legs twisted by rickets!
(*The FAT LADY is completely taken aback by this unexpected antipathy She looks at KAY, gasps, and walks away, head high, patting her arm*)
KAY smiles at GIMPTY sadly, sympathetically)

GIMPTY I'm sorry

KAY (*touches his hand*) Oh, Pete!
(*Another outburst The three smaller boys have crept down and joined the fringe of the huddle*)

TOMMY Dey're back again! Angel, will yuh tell yuhr kid brudduh tuh git tuh hell outta heah?

(ANGEL swings at the tiniest of the BOYS, who kicks him in the shin, spits at him, and runs away, thumbing his nose ANGEL chases the BOYS part of the way up the street, then returns rubbing his shin and shaking his head)

ANGEL 'At crazy kid brudduh a mine, I'm gonna kill 'im when I git 'im home!
(The huddle reorganizes)

GIMPTY Gosh, I wish we could be alone for a minute!

KAY Pete, I've thought of that so many times I've wanted to invite you inside, but

GIMPTY You couldn't, of course

KAY Cockeyed, isn't it? Couldn't we go to your place?

GIMPTY Gee, I ! No, you wouldn't like it

KAY Why not?

GIMPTY It's an awful dump It would depress you

KAY Oh!

GIMPTY I'd love to have you, Kay, but I'm ashamed to let you see it Honestly

KAY (rises and offers him her hand) Oh, Pete, that's silly I wasn't born in a penthouse Come on! (With the aid of a cane he rises They walk up the street For the first time we notice

that one of his legs is withered and twisted—by rickets)
(MILTY rises and crosses to within a few steps of the huddle)

MILTY (timidly) Hey

TOMMY What?

MILTY Look, I (He approaches TOMMY slowly) If yuh want, I t'ink I kin snitch 'at quatuuh fuh yuh
(The chug of an approaching tug-boat is faintly heard)

TOMMY (thinks it over) O K, Milt! O K Den yuhr inna gang, see? (Turns to the others) Anybody gits snotty wid Milt, gits snotty wid me, see? (To MILTY) Now git dat quatuuh Come on, git duh lead outta yuh pants!
(The chug-chug grows louder)

MILTY (jubilant) O K, Tommy! (Runs off into the tenement house The chug-chug grows louder)

TOMMY See? He's a good kid He loins fast Remember da time I moved aroun' heah? I wuz wearin' white socks an' I wouldn't coise, so yuh all taught I wuz a sissy
(The chug-chug grows louder)

DIPPY 'Cept me, Tommy

TOMMY Yeah, 'cept yew Everybody else I hadda beat da pants off a yuh foist (Down to business again) Now here's how we git Wee-wee Yew, T B (His voice is drowned out by the chug-chug-chug-chug—)

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE—*The same, the following day, lit by a brilliant afternoon sun. The boys are playing poker with an ancient deck of cards, greasy and puffed, inches thick. Match sticks are their chips. Their faces are grave and intense. They handle their cards familiarly, caressing them like old gamblers.*

MARTIN lounges against the terrace wall and watches them with grim nostalgia

ANGEL (*throwing two match sticks into the pot*) I'll open fuh two. Hey, Spit, it's rainin'. Come on, decorate da mahogany!

T B (*adds his two*) O K. I'm in.

SPIT (*follows suit*) Heah's my two, Dippy.

DIPPY (*tosses in his match sticks, deliberately, one at a time*) I'm in.

ANGEL (*slapping down two cards*) Gimme two.

SPIT (*deals*) Aw, he's got tree uva kin'.

T B (*throws away one*) Gimme one. Make it good. (*SPIT deals him one*)

ANGEL Ah, yuh ain' got nuttin'.

SPIT He's got a monkey. I ain' takin' any. How many fuh yew, Dippy?

DIPPY (*studies his hand with grave deliberation*) I'll take five.

SPIT Yuh can' take five.

DIPPY (*the mental effort contorts his face*) Faw.

SPIT Yuh kin only take t'ree.

DIPPY (*after considerable hesitation*) Gimme one!

ANGEL (*inclining his head toward T B*) Say, T B, feel 'at bump. I got. Feel it!

T B (*explores ANGEL's head with a finger*) Wow! Feel 'at bump. Angel's got!

DIPPY (*leans over and feels the bump*) Boy! 'At's like 'n egg!

SPIT Wheah juh git it?

ANGEL Me ole man give it tuh me.

DIPPY Fuh what?

ANGEL Fuh nuttin'. Just like 'at, fuh nuttin'. Last night me ole man cumzin drunk.

SPIT (*impatiently*) Cum on, cum on whadda yuh do?

ANGEL (*raps his knuckles on the sidewalk*) I blow.

T B (*raps*) I blow.

SPIT (*raps*) I blow, too Dippy?

SPIT What?

DIPPY (*raps*) I blow

ANGEL About what?

T B Watcha got?

DIPPY What, Tommy?

ANGEL (*reveals a pair of Jacks*) A pair of Johnnies You?

TOMMY Dincha heah? Boy, deah wuz a big fight at da Chink laundry las' night

T B (*exhibits two pair, twos and threes*) Two pair Deuces and trays (*He reaches for the pot*)

ANGEL No kiddin'!

TOMMY Yeah

ANGEL Aw hell!

DIPPY How did it staht, Tommy?

SPIT Wait a minute! (*Lays down three tens*) Read 'em an' weep! Judge Schmuck thoity days!

TOMMY Oh a couple handkuh-chifs got snotty (*They all roar with laughter*) Did Wee-wee show up yet?

DIPPY I guess I ain't got nuttin' (*SPIT gleefully takes in the match sticks Enter TOMMY, kicking a tin can before him The BOYS greet him*)

DIPPY No, Tommy

ANGEL Don' worry I bin on a look-out furtim

TOMMY Hi yuh, guys Howza wawda?

DIPPY Yeah, we bin on a lookout furtim

SPIT Cold

TOMMY Whatcha playin' fuh?

SPIT Owins Wanna play?

ANGEL So, like I wuz tellin' yuh, las' night me old man come in stinkin' drunk So he stahts beatin' hell outta me ole lady Boy, he socks 'er all ovah da place! (*SPIT laughs*)

TOMMY (*starts undressing*) Deal me unna next han' Who's winnin'?

TOMMY What da hell a yuh laughin' at? Dat ain' so funny

T B I yam

TOMMY How much?

ANGEL No, dat ain' so funny Cause den ee picks up a chair and wants a wallop me wid it

T B Twenty-eight matches

DIPPY Whatcha do den?

TOMMY Twenty-eight cents boy, 'at's putty good! Hey, didja heah about it?

ANGEL So I grabs a kitchen knife dat big an' I sez, "Touch me, yuh louse, an' I give yuh dis"

T B Yeah?

ANGEL Yeah, yeah, I did So he laughs, so he falls or a flaw, an' he goes tuh sleep so he snores—
(*imitates a rasping snore*)—like at Boy, wuz ee drunk! Boy, he wuz stinkin'
(*Enter MILTY down the sidewalk*)

TOMMY Hi, yuh, Milty! How's evtying?

MILTY Swell

TOMMY Attaboy
(*MILTY goes to MARTIN*)

MARTIN Well?

MILTY She wuz deah I tole huh She said not tuh come up She said tuh meet huh down heah

MARTIN O K Heah, kid, buy yer-self a Rolls Royce (*He gives MILTY a half-dollar*)

MILTY Gee!

SPIT Whatcha git?

MILTY Oh, momma! Haffa buck!

SPIT (*shouting quickly*) Akey! Akey! Haffies!

MILTY (*also shouting quickly top-ping spit and holding up crossed fingers*) Fens! No akey! No akey!

SPIT (*throws down his cards and rises threateningly*) I said akey Come on, haffies

MILTY Yuh didn' have tuh finguh crossed

SPIT Don' han' me dat baloneel Gimme two bits

MILTY. Yuh didn't cross yuh finguh

SPIT (*thrusting his face into MILTY's*) Gimme two bits 'r I kick yuh inna slats

MILTY Yeah?

SPIT Yeah

MILTY Ah, yuh mudduh's chooch!

SPIT Ah, yuh fadduh's doop!

MILTY Hey, Tommy, do I gotta givim?

TOMMY Naw He didn' have 'is fin guhs crossed

SPIT I'll choose yuh fer it

MILTY Whadduh yuh tink I yam, a dope?

SPIT Ah, yuh damn up ahdist!

MILTY Look who's talkin'!

SPIT Ah, yew stink on ice!

TOMMY Stan' up tuh him Milty! Stan' up tuh him

MILTY (*suddenly thrusts his jaw forward*) Watsamatch? Yew wanna fight?

SPIT Yeah

MILTY Join ee ahmy! Ha!
(*The boys roar at SPIT*)

SPIT (*raising a fist and twisting his face fiercely*) Ah!

MILTY (raising his fist and returning the grimace) Ah!

SPIT (fiercer in grimace and growl) Mah!

MILTY (tops him) Wah!
(They stand there a moment, glaring at each other in silence, fists raised, faces almost touching, then SPIT turns in disgust and sits down again to his cards)

TOMMY (grins at MILTY's triumph) Kimmeah, Milty! Yuh wanna play?

MILTY I dunna how

TOMMY Kimmeah, watch me I'll loin yuh
(Two strange, tough-looking boys come down the street They pause, watch a moment, confer, then wander over to the group)

FIRST BOY Hey, which one a youse guvs is a captain a dis gang?

TOMMY (doesn't even deign to look up) Who wantsa know?

SECOND BOY Weah fum up da blocks

TOMMY Second Avenya gang?

FIRST BOY Yeah

TOMMY (assorting his cards) Yeah? Well, go take a flyin' jump at ta moon!

SECOND BOY Whoozu leaduh?

TOMMY Me What about it? I pass
(Throws down his cards, rises, turns to the enemy) Wanna make sumpin out uv it?

SECOND BOY (a bit frightened) Yew tell 'im

FIRST BOY Yuh wanna fight are gang?

TOMMY Sure (Turns to his gang) O K felluhs? Yuh wanna fight da Second Avenyoo gang? (They approve raucously) TOMMY (Turns back to the emissaries) Sure!

FIRST BOY O K On are block?

TOMMY Yeah O K

SECOND BOY Satiday?

TOMMY (asks the gang) O K, San dav, felluhs? (They shout approval) Faw o'clock? (A little hickering about time, but they agree) O K We'll be up deah Satiday faw o'clock an' boy, we'll kick the stuffin's outa youse!

SECOND BOY Yeah?

TOMMY Yeah! No bottles 'r rocks, jus' sticks 'n' bare knucks Flat sticks No bats

SECOND BOY Sure

TOMMY O K?

SECOND BOY O K!

TOMMY O K Now git da hell out a heah befaw I bust yuh one! Scram!
(The two boys run off From a safe distance they yell)

FIRST BOY Nuts tuh yew! Son uva bitch! son uva bitch!

SECOND BOY Satiday! We be waitin' faw yuh We kick da pants offa yuh!

(TOMMY picks up a rock, hurls it after them DIPPY rises, does the same MARTIN laughs)

ANGEL (*first noticing MARTIN*)
Shine, mistuh?

MARTIN O K, kid

ANGEL (*moves his box down to MARTIN and begins to shine his shoes*)

SPIT (*sneers at DIPPY*) Look at 'im trow, will yuh? Like a goil Yuh godda glass ahm? Cantcha trow a rock even?

DIPPY Yeah Kin yew trow bettuh?

SPIT (*picks up a rock, rises, looks for a target He spots a flower pot on a fire escape*) Watch! See at flowuh pot? (*He throws the rock and breaks the pot*)

TOMMY Pot shot! Pot shot!

MARTIN Say, at waz good pitchin' Yew kids like tuh git some dope on gang fightin'?

ANGEL Sure! Hey, felluhs, come heah! (*They crowd about MARTIN*)

MARTIN Foist ting is tuh git down ere oiluh' an yuh (*GIMPTY enters down the sidewalk, whistling cheerfully*) Hello, Gimpty!

GIMPTY Hello

MARTIN (*continues the lesson GIMPTY stops and listens*) Oiluh an yuh said, see? Dey won't be ready fuh yuh En I tell yuh kids what yuh wanna do Git a lot of old electric bulbs, see? Yuh trow 'em, and den yuh trow a couple a milk bottles .

an' some a dee udder kids git boit, an' den yuh charge 'em

TOMMY Yeah, but we made up no milk bottles, ony bare knucks an' sticks

MARTIN Yuh made up! Lissen, kid
When yuh fight, dee idee is tuh win It don' cut no ice how An' in gang fightin' remember, take out da tough guys foist Tree aw faw a yuh gang up on 'im Den one a yuh kin git behin' 'im an' slug 'im A stockin' fulla sand an' rocks is good fuh dat An' if ey're lickin' yuh, pull a knife Give 'em a little stab in ee arm Ey'll yell like hell an' run

TOMMY Yeah, but we made up no knives Gese, 'at ain' fair

GIMPTY What's a matter with you? What are you trying to teach these kids?

MARTIN Yew shut yer trap (*To TOMMY*) Lissen If yuh wanna win, yuh gotta make up yer own rules, see?

TOMMY But we made up dat .

MARTIN Yuh made up

TOMMY We kin lick 'em wid bare knucks fair and square

MARTIN Lissen, kid Ere ain' no fair an' ere ain' no square It's winnah take all An' it's easier tuh lick a guy by sluggin' 'im fum behin' 'en it is by sockin' it out wid 'im toe tuh toe Cause if yuhr hickin' 'im, en he pulls a knife on yuh, see? En wheah are yuh?

TOMMY Den I pull a knife back on him

MARTIN Yeah, but what's a good unless uh got one an' know how tuh use it?

TOMMY I know how tuh

GIMPTY Don't pay any attention to him, guys!

MARTIN Yew lookin' fer a sock in a puss?

GIMPTY If you kids listen to that stuff, you'll get yourselves in Dutch

TOMMY Aw, shat ap
(*The boys razz GIMPTY*)

MARTIN Git out a heah, yuh monkey! (GIMPTY, angry but impotent, walks away MARTIN turns to the boys again) See what I mean?

TOMMY Yeah, well, if I had a knife

MILTY Angel's godda knife

ANGEL Aw, I need it

MARTIN (*hands ANGEL a dime for the shrine*)

TOMMY Yuh kin jus' loan it tuh me I'll give it back tuh yuh

ANGEL No, yuh won't Honest, I need it

SPIT Give it tuh him! Go on, or I'll track yuh one!

ANGEL No!

TOMMY Nevuh mind tuh hell wid 'im!

T B (*to ANGEL*) Ah, you stink on ice!

ANGEL Aw, shat ap!

T B Shat ap yuhself!

MILTY Look, Angel, I tell yuh what Ah! give yuh a quarteh fuh it Whad-da yuh say?

ANGEL Sure!

MILTY (*to MARTIN*) Change, Misteh?

MARTIN Yeah (*He gives MILTY two quarters in exchange for the half, then rises A newspaper in the gutter catches his attention He frowns, picks it up, reads it, wandering off to the tenement stoop, where he sits on a step, absorbed in the newspaper item ANGEL runs to the hopper, finds his trousers, fumbles in the pocket, produces the knife and returns with it He completes the transaction with MILTY, who hands the knife to TOMMY*)

MILTY Heah, Tommy

TOMMY (*rises*) Wha' faw?

MILTY Fuh a present

TOMMY Yuh mean yuh givin' it tuh me?

MILTY Yeah Yuh kin keep it

TOMMY Gee, t'anks, Milty! Gese, 'at's swell t'anks!

MILTY Aw, dat's nuttin

TOMMY Aw, dat's a whole lot T'anks! Gee!

CHARLES (*the chauffeur, enters from the gate of the East River Terrace followed by PHILIP*)

T B Hey, Tommy! (He points to PHILIP) The gang gathers under the hopper, in huddled consultation)

PHILIP I think I'll wait here, Charles

CHARLES Wouldn't you rather come with me to the garage?

PHILIP No

CHARLES But your mother said

PHILIP I'll wait here for them

CHARLES Yes, sir
(Exit CHARLES up the street PHILIP examines his wrist watch ostentatiously KAY appears on the terrace, finds a space in the shrubbery, leans over the balustrade, and signals to GIMPTY)

KAY Pete!

GIMPTY (rising and crossing toward her, beaming) Hello, Kay! How are you feeling?

KAY All right And you?

GIMPTY Like a million dollars!

KAY I'll be down in a second (She disappears behind the shrubs The conclave finished, all the boys saunter off in different directions, pretending disregard of PHILIP TOMMY, whistling a funeral dirge, signals T B with a wink and a nod of the head T B approaches PHILIP casually)

T B Hello, what time is it?

PHILIP Half past four

T B T'anks Gee, dat's a nice watch yuh got deah What kine is it?

PHILIP A Gruen

T B Boy, at's as nice as 'n Ingersoll (Coughs, then proudly tapping his chest, boasts) T B I got T B

TOMMY (on the tenement stoop) Hey, felluhs, come on inna hall heah I got sumpm great tuh show yuhs Come on, T B (They all whip up loud, faked enthusiasm)

T B O K (To PHILIP) Yuh wanna come see?

TOMMY Nah, he can't come Dis is ony fuh da gang (The others agree volubly that PHILIP can't join them in the mystery)

T B Aw, why not? He's a good kid

TOMMY (supported by a chorus of "Nahs") Nah, he can't see dis Dis is ony fuh da gang

PHILIP What is it?

T B Gee, I can't tell yuh but it's Gese, it's sumpm great!

TOMMY (to T B) Come on! Git da lead out a yuh pants!

T B Too bad dey won' letcha see it Boy, yuh nevuh saw anything like dat

PHILIP Well, I don't care I can't anyway I'm waiting for my father and mother We're going to the country

T B It'll only take a minute . . Hey, felluhs, let 'im come 'n' see it, will yuh? He's O K

TOMMY (*consenting with a great show of reluctance*) Well aw-
night Let 'im come

TOMMY (*enters the tenement, followed by the others*)

T B Come on

PHILIP I don't know I expect my

T B Awright, it's yuhr loss!

T B (*starts up the sidewalk*)

PHILIP Wait! Wait! I'm coming!
(*Runs to catch up with T B. As they reach the steps and enter, T B pushes him in the doorway, spits on his hands and follows him in. KAY enters*)

GIMPTY (*beams. He is very happy*)
Hello!

KAY Hello, darling (*There is a slight strain in her voice and attitude, which manifests itself in over-kindness and too much gentleness, as if she were trying to mitigate some hurt she is about to give him. They sit on the coping*)

GIMPTY Well I got up early this morning and went down to a stack of offices looking for a job

KAY That's swell Did you find one?

GIMPTY Not yet But I will Wait and see

KAY Of course you will

GIMPTY Thanks to you

SPIT (*runs from the hallway, stops a second on the sidewalk, looking about, then grabs a large barrel stave,*

whacks his hand with it, whistles, and runs back into the tenement hallway)

KAY Did you see Del Block?

GIMPTY Yep

KAY Didn't he have anything for you?

GIMPTY Oh, we had a nice talk He's a very interesting guy He showed me some of his work He's done some pretty good stuff (*Grins*) He asked me if I knew where he could find a job (*They both have to laugh at this*) He thinks you're pretty swell, too

KAY Pete you've got to get something

GIMPTY I will

KAY I didn't know how important it was until yesterday

GIMPTY Hey, there!

KAY I used to think we were poor at home because I had to wear a made over dress to a prom Yesterday I saw the real thing If I hadn't seen it, I couldn't have believed it I dreamt of it all night the filth, the smells, the dankness! I touched a wall and it was wet (*She touches her finger-tips, recalling the unpleasant tactile sensation. She shivers*)

GIMPTY That house was rotten before I was born The plumbing is so old and broken it's been dripping through the building for ages

KAY What tears my heart out is the thought that you have to live there It's not fair! It's not right!

GIMPTY It's not right that anybody should live like that, but a couple a million of us do.

KAY. Million?

GIMPTY Yeah, right here in New York New York with its famous skyline its Empire State, the biggest God-damned building in the world! The biggest tombstone in the world! They wanted to build a monument to the times Well, there it is, bigger than the pyramids and just as many tenants *(He forces her to smile with him Then he sighs, and adds, hopelessly)* I wonder when they'll let us build houses for men to live in? *(Suddenly annoyed with himself)* Ah, I should never have let you see that place!

KAY I'm glad you did I know so much more about you now And I can't tell you how much more I respect you for coming out of that fine, and sweet and sound

GIMPTY *(his eyes drop to his withered limb)* Let's not get started on that

(PHILIP can be heard sobbing in the tenement hallway He flings open the door and rushes out, down the street into the apartment, crying convulsively, his clothes all awry The gang follows him from the hallway, yelling and laughing)

TOMMY *(holding PHILIP's watch)* Come on, let's git dressed an' beat it!

SPIT Let's grab a quick swim foist

TOMMY Nah!

SPIT Come on!

MILTY Betteh not

SPIT *(rushes off under the hopper and dives into the water)* Las' one in's a stinkin' rotten egg!

TOMMY *(throws the watch to T B)* Guard 'at watch and lay chuckee! *(All the boys except T B dive into the water)*

GIMPTY When I see what it's doing to those kids I get so mad I want to tear down these lice nests with my fingers!

KAY You can't stay here You've got to get out Oh, I wish I could help you!

GIMPTY But you have Don't you see?

KAY No I'm not that important

GIMPTY Yes, you are!

KAY I mustn't be Nobody must For your own good, you've got to get out of here

GIMPTY I will, damn it! And if I do maybe I'm crazy but will you marry me?

KAY Listen!

GIMPTY Don't get me wrong I'm not askin' you to come and live there with me But you see, if

KAY Listen! First I want you to know that I love you as much as I'll allow myself to love anybody Maybe I shouldn't have gone with you yesterday Maybe it was a mistake I didn't realize quite how much I loved you I think I ought to leave tonight

GIMPTY Why?

KAY Yes, I'd better
(*The chug of a small boat is heard*)

GIMPTY Why?

KAY I'd better get away while we
can still do something about this

GIMPTY How will that help?

KAY If I stay, I don't know what will
happen, except that we'll go on
and in the end make ourselves thor-
oughly miserable We'd be so wise to
call it quits now

GIMPTY Gec, I don't see it

KAY I do and I think I'm right
(*Pause She looks out over the river*)
There's the boat

GIMPTY (*pauses Turns to look*) Is
that it?

KAY Yes

GIMPTY (*irrelevantly, to conceal his
emotion In a dull monotone*) It's a
knockout I'm crazy about good boats
They're beautiful, because they're
designed to work That's the way
houses should be built like boats

KAY Pete, will you be here to-
night before I leave?
(*MARTIN looks up from his news-
paper to eye KAY*)

GIMPTY Don't go, Kay I'll do any-
thing Isn't there some way some-
thing?

KAY (*hopelessly*) What? (*Rises*) I
guess I'll go in now, and get my
things ready I'll see you later?
(*She presses his shoulder and exits*)

MARTIN rises, throws down his news-
paper and approaches GIMPTY)

MARTIN (*sucks his lips, making a
nasty, suggestive sound*) Say
dat's a pretty fancy lookin' broad
High class, huh? How is she? Good
lay? (*GIMPTY glares at him MARTIN
laughs*) Well, fer Chrs' sake, what's
a matter? Can't yuh talk?

GIMPTY Cut it out, Martin Just cut
it out!

MARTIN Lissen, kid, why don' yuh
git wise tuh yerself? Dose dames are
pushovers, fish fuh duh monkeys!

GIMPTY (*half rising, furious*) I said
cut it out!

MARTIN (*roughly pushes him back*)
Sit down, vew! (*A chuckle of con-
tempt*) Look what wantsa fight wid
me! Little Gimpty wansa fight wid
me! Wassamattuh, Gimpty? Wanna
git knocked off?
(*HUNK slouches down the street, fol-
lowed in a painfully weary shuffle
by a gaunt, raw-boned, unkempt
woman, sloppy and disheveled Her
one garment an ancient house dress
retrieved from some garbage heap,
black with grease stains Her legs
are stockingless, knotted and bulging
with blue, twisted, cord-like veins
Her feet show through the cracks in
her house slippers In contrast to the
picture of general decay is a face that
looks as if it were carved out of
granite, as if infinite suffering had
been met with dogged unyielding
strength*)

HUNK Hey!

(*She comes to a dead stop as she sees
MARTIN There is no other sign of
recognition, no friendliness on her
lips She stares at him out of dull,
hostile eyes*)

MARTIN (*his face lights, he grins He steps rapidly toward her*) Hello, Mom! How are yuh? (*Pause*) It's me (*No recognition*) I had my face fixed (*There is a moment of silence She finally speaks in an almost inaudible monotone*)

MRS MARTIN Yuh no-good tramp!

MARTIN Mom!

MRS MARTIN What're yuh doin' here?

MARTIN Aintcha glad tuh see me? (*She suddenly smacks him a sharp crack across the cheek*)

MRS MARTIN That's how glad I am

MARTIN (*rubs his cheek, stunned by this unexpected reception He stammers*) 'At's a great hello

MRS MARTIN Yuh dog! Yuh stinkin' yellow dog yuh!

MARTIN Mom! What kin' a talk is 'at? Gese, Mom

MRS MARTIN Don't call me Mom! Yuh ain't no son a mine What do yuh want from me now?

MARTIN Nuttin' I just

MRS MARTIN (*her voice rises, shrill hysterical*) Then git out a here! Before I crack yuh God-damn face again Git out a here!

MARTIN (*flaring*) Why, yuh ole tramp, I killed a guy fer lookin' at me da way yew are!

MRS MARTIN (*her voice rises, shrill, slowly Then, quietly*) Yeah You're a killer all right You're a

murderer you're a butcher, sure! Why don't yuh leave me ferget yuh? Ain' I got troubles enough with the cops and newspapers botherin' me? An' Johnny and Martha

MARTIN What's a mattuh wid 'em?

MRS MARTIN None a yer business! Just leave us alone! Yuh never brought nothin' but trouble Don't come back like a bad penny! Just stay away and leave us alone an' die but leave us alone! (*She turns her back on him, and starts to go*)

MARTIN Hey, wait

MRS MARTIN (*pauses*) What?

MARTIN Need any dough?

MRS MARTIN Keep yer blood money

MARTIN Yuh gonna rat on me gonna tell a cops?

MRS MARTIN No They'll get yuh soon enough

MARTIN Not me! Not Martin! Huh, not Baby-face Martin!

MRS MARTIN (*mutters*) Baby-face! Baby-face! I remember (*She begins to sob, clutching her stomach*) In here in here! Kickin'! That's where yuh come from God! I ought to be cut open here fer givin' yuh life murderer!!! (*She shuffles away, up the street, weeping quietly MARTIN stands there looking after her for a long time His hand goes to his cheek HUNK comes down to him, clucking sympathetically A boat whistle is heard*)

HUNK How da yuh like 'at! Yuh come all away across a country jus' tuh see yer ole lady, an' what da yuh git? Crack inna face! I dunno, my mudder ain' like dat My mudder's always glad tuh see me

MARTIN (*low, without turning*) Shut up! Gese, I must a been soft inna head, so help me!

HUNK Yuh should a slugged 'er one

MARTIN Shut up! I must a bin crazy inna head I musta bin nuts

HUNK Nah! It's jus' she ain't gotta heart Dat ain'

MARTIN (*turns on HUNK, viciously, barking*) Screw, willyuh? Screw! (*Exit HUNK up the sidewalk MARTIN turns, looking after his mother Turns slowly onto the sidewalk, then notices GIMPTY*) Kin yuh picture dat?

GIMPTY What did you expect flags and a brass band?

MARTIN (*suddenly wheels and slaps GIMPTY*) Why—yew—punk!

GIMPTY What's the idea?

MARTIN Dat's ee idea fer shoot-in' off yer mout' I don' like guys 'at talk outa toin Not tuh me!

GIMPTY Who the hell do you think you are?

MARTIN (*claws his fingers and pushes GIMPTY's face against the wall*) Why, yuh lousy cripple, I'll

GIMPTY (*jerks his head free of MARTIN's clutch*) Gee, when I was a kid

I used to think you were something, but you're rotten see? You ought to be wiped out!

MARTIN (*his face twitching, the veins on his forehead standing out, kicks GIMPTY's crippled foot and shouts*) Shut up!

GIMPTY (*gasps in pain, glaring at MARTIN* After a long pause, quietly, deliberately) All right O K, Martin! Just wait!

MARTIN What? (*Reaches for his shoulder holster*) What's 'at?

GIMPTY Go on! Shoot me! That'll bring 'em right to you! Go on!

MARTIN (*hesitates He is interrupted by the excited voices of GRISWALD and PHILIP Cautiously he restrains himself and whispers*) I'll talk to yuh later I'll be waitin' right up thuh street, see? Watch yuh step (*GRISWALD appears behind the gate with PHILIP, who is sobbing The GOVERNESS tries to quiet PHILIP while she dabs his face with her handkerchief MARTIN goes up the street*)

GRISWALD It's all right, son! Now stop crying! What happened? Stop crying! Tell me just what happened?

GOVERNESS Attends, mon pauvre petit 'ere, let me wipe your face attends, attends!

PHILIP They hit me with a stick!

GRISWALD A stick!

PHILIP (*spread-eagling his arms*) That big!

GRISWALD (*furious*) I'll have them locked up I swear I'll send them to jail. Would you know them if you saw them?

PHILIP Yes, daddy

GRISWALD (*to the GOVERNESS*) You should have been with him After yesterday

GOVERNESS I told him to stay in the garden Madame said it was all right and she asked me to help Clara with the curtains in his room

(SPIT starts up the ladder, followed by the other boys DIPPY is frozen He is blue and shaking with cold His teeth are chattering)

DIPPY Look, I'm shivern' My teet' 'r' knockin'

TOMMY Yeah Yuh lips 'r' blue! Yuh bettuh git dressed quick, aw yuh'll ketch cold (*Looks down at MILTY who is climbing the ladder, behind him*) How do yuh like it, Milty?

MILTY (*grins from ear to ear*) Swell! (*As the boys appear over the parapet, T B rises from under the hopper, points to GRISWALD, and calls the danger-cry*)

T B Chickee! Putzo! Hey, felluhs! Chickee! Tommy! (*PHILIP sees the boys and points them out to GRISWALD*)

PHILIP There they are! They're the ones (*Points out TOMMY*) He's the leader!

GRISWALD That one?

PHILIP Yes
(SPIT, DIPPY, MILTY and ANGEL dash to the hopper, all yelling "Chickee!")

They gather up their clothes and run madly up the street, followed by T B TOMMY, stooping to pick up his clothes, trips, falls and is grabbed by GRISWALD, who shakes him violently)

GRISWALD What right did you have to beat this boy? What makes you think you can get away with that?

TOMMY (*struggling to escape*) Lemme go! Lemme go, will yuh? I didn' do nuttin' lemme go!

PHILIP (*jumping up and down with excitement*) He's the one! He's the got the watch, daddy!

TOMMY (*tries to break away and get at PHILIP*) I have not, yuh fat li' bastid!

GOVERNESS (*frightened, screams*)
GRISWALD (*jerks TOMMY back*) Oh, no! Not this time! I'll break your neck!

PHILIP He's the one!

GRISWALD Give me that watch!

TOMMY I yain't got it!

PHILIP He has! He's got it!

GRISWALD (*turns to the GOVERNESS, peremptorily*) Jeanne! Call an officer! (*To TOMMY again*) Give me that watch!

TOMMY (*frightened by the police threat*) I yain't got it Honest, I yain't! (*Suddenly shouts up the street for help*) Hey, felluhs! (*The GOVERNESS stands there, paralyzed*)

GRISWALD *Jeanne, will you call an officer! Come on! Hurry!*

GOVERNESS *Oui, oui, monsieur! (She runs up the sidewalk in a stiff-legged trot)*

TOMMY *(stops struggling for a moment)* Aw, Mister, don't toin me ovuh tuh da cops, will yuh? I won touch 'im again We do it to allee udduh kids, an 'ey do it tuh us Dat ain' nuttin'

GRISWALD No? I ought to break your neck

TOMMY Oh, yeah? *(He suddenly pulls away, almost escaping GRISWALD puts more pressure on the arm TOMMY calls to the gang)* Hey, felluhs! *(GRISWALD twists his arm double TOMMY begins to cry with pain, striking at GRISWALD)* Yuh joik! Ow, yuh breakin' my ahm! Hey, Gimpty!

GIMPTY Have a heart! You're hurtin' that kid You don't have to

GRISWALD Hurt him! I'll kill him! *(MILTY runs down the street, holding out the watch)*

MILTY Heah yuh ah! Heah's duh watch! Leave 'em go misteh! He didn' do nuttin'! Leave 'im go! *(He starts pounding GRISWALD TOMMY frees his hand GRISWALD hooks his arm around TOMMY in a stranglehold, and with the free arm pushes MILTY away)*

GRISWALD *(to MILTY)* Get out of here, you

TOMMY Hey, yer chokin' me! Yer chokin' me! *(Both hands free, he gropes in the trousers he has clung*

to Suddenly he produces an open jackknife and waves it) Look out! I gotta knife I'll stab yuh! *(GRISWALD only holds him tighter, trying to capture the knife A flash of steel GRISWALD groans and clutches his wrist, releasing TOMMY TOMMY and MILTY fly up the street GRISWALD stands there stunned, staring at his bleeding wrist)*

PHILIP Daddy! Daddy! Daddy! *(He begins to sob at the sight of blood)* *(The DOORMAN comes out of the gateway and is immediately excited)*

DOORMAN What's the matter?

GRISWALD *(jerking his head toward the fleeing boys)* Catch those boys! *(The DOORMAN lumbers up the street in pursuit GRISWALD takes a handkerchief from his breast pocket and presses it to his wrist Blood seeps through GRISWALD, self-controlled now, tries to quiet the sobbing PHILIP)* It's all right, son, it's all right! No, no, no! Now stop crying Let me have your handkerchief!

GIMPTY Are you hurt?

GRISWALD What do you think?

GIMPTY Can I help?

GRISWALD It's a little late for that now

PHILIP *(fishes out a crumpled handkerchief and hands it to his father)* Here

GRISWALD Haven't you a clean one?

PHILIP No

GIMPTY You can have mine

GRISWALD Never mind (To PHILIP, who puts his own handkerchief back) You should always carry two clean handkerchiefs. Put your hand in my pocket. You'll find one there. No, the other pocket. (PHILIP finds the handkerchief. The GOVERNESS comes down the sidewalk with a POLICEMAN.)

POLICEMAN What's the matter?

GRISWALD Plenty

GOVERNESS (sees the blood and shrieks) Oh! He's bleeding! (To PHILIP) *Qu'est ce qui passe, mon petit?*

PHILIP That boy stuck him with a knife!

GOVERNESS (to GRISWALD) *Mon Dieu!* Are you hurt, monsieur? (GRISWALD ignores her and tightens the bandage.)

POLICEMAN Is it deep?

GRISWALD Deep enough

POLICEMAN Better let me make a tourniquet

GRISWALD Never mind

POLICEMAN Who did it?

GRISWALD One of these hoodlums around here. I want that boy arrested

POLICEMAN Sure. Do you know who he was?

GRISWALD. No

GOVERNESS Can I help you, monsieur?

GRISWALD Yes. Go up and call Dr. Merriam at once. I'm afraid of infection. (The DOORMAN returns, empty-handed, puffing, and mopping his brow. GRISWALD frowns.) Where is he?

DOORMAN (panting) Phew. I couldn't catch them.

GRISWALD (angry) You let them go?

DOORMAN I tried, sir. They were like flies in and out. Just when I thought I had one of them, he ran down the cellar. I went after him, but he got away.

GRISWALD Officer, I want you to find that boy and arrest him. Understand?

POLICEMAN (takes out a notebook and pencil) Well, that ain't gonna be so easy, you know.

GRISWALD Never mind. That's your job! It's pretty serious that a thing like this can happen on your beat in broad daylight.

POLICEMAN Well, I can't be everywhere at once.

GRISWALD Before he stabbed me, he and some others beat up my boy and stole his watch. You should have been around some of that time.

POLICEMAN (annoyed at his officiousness. Brusquely) Well, what's your name?

GRISWALD My name's Griswald. I live here. (Nods toward the East River Terrace.)

POLICEMAN What did the boy look like?

GRISWALD He was about so high
black hair oh, I don't know I
didn't notice Did you, son?

PHILIP One of them coughs

POLICEMAN Didn't you notice any-
thing else?

PHILIP No

GRISWALD Jeanne?

GOVERNESS Let me see

POLICEMAN How was he dressed?

GOVERNESS They'd been in swim-
ming here They were practically
naked and filthy And their lan-
guage was 'orrible

GRISWALD (*irritated*) He knows that,
he knows that! What were they like,
though? Didn't you see?

GOVERNESS It all happened so
quickly, I didn't have a chance to,
monsieur

PHILIP He hit me with a stick

POLICEMAN Hm!

GRISWALD (*suddenly a bit faint*)
These men can tell you better They
saw it Jeanne, will you please call
Dr Merriam right away? I'm feeling
a little sick

GOVERNESS *Oui, monsieur! Come,*
Philippe! (She goes in, accompanied
by PHILIP)

GRISWALD I don't want to make any
trouble, officer, but I want that boy
caught and arrested Understand?

POLICEMAN I'll do the best I can
(*Exit GRISWALD The POLICEMAN*

mutters) I wonder who the hell that
guy thinks he is

DOORMAN (*impressively, rolling the*
sound on his tongue) Mr GRISWALD
(*CHARLES, the chauffeur, saunters*
down the sidewalk)

POLICEMAN What of it?

DOORMAN Don't you know? He's
Judge Griswald's brother

POLICEMAN (*his attitude changes*)
Oh!

DOORMAN (*to the CHAUFFEUR, who*
has reached the gate) Oh, I don't
think Mr Griswald'll be using the
car now He was just hurt

CHARLES Wha-a-at? What hap-
pened?

DOORMAN He was stabbed It's a long
story I'll tell you later

CHARLES (*concerned*) Well, will
you call him and see if he wants me?

DOORMAN (*starting off*) Yeah

POLICEMAN Hey, wait!

DOORMAN I'll be right out, officer
Mr Griswald may need him

POLICEMAN Oh, all right
(*DOORMAN and CHARLES go in*
through the gate)

CHARLES What happened?

DOORMAN These kids around here
have been raising an awful rumpus
all day, and just now one of them
(*Their voices die off*)

POLICEMAN (*to GIMPTY*) Did you
see the kids who did this?

GIMPTY. I didn't notice them

POLICEMAN You come around here often?

GIMPTY Yes

POLICEMAN Didn't you recognize any of 'em?

GIMPTY No

POLICEMAN Can you describe 'em?

GIMPTY Not very clearly

POLICEMAN (*annoyed*) Well, what were they like?

GIMPTY About so high dirty an' naked

POLICEMAN (*impatiently*) And they socked that young jalopee in the eye Yeah I got that much myself But that might be any kid in this neighborhood Anything else?

GIMPTY No

POLICEMAN (*slaps his book shut*) Why the hell didn't I learn a trade? (*He starts toward the gate* DRINA comes down the street and approaches GIMPTY She looks tired and bedraggled She has an ugly bruise on her forehead)

GIMPTY (*to DRINA*) Hey, what's the matter with your head?

DRINA (*looking at the POLICEMAN and raising her voice*) We were picketing the store, an' some lousy cop hit me

POLICEMAN (*wheels around, insulted*) What's that?

DRINA (*deliberately*). One a you lousy cops hit me

POLICEMAN You better watch your language or you'll get another clout!

DRINA Go on and try it!

GIMPTY (*urging discretion*) Sh!

POLICEMAN Listen! I'm in no mood to be tampered with I'm in no mood! Not by a lousy Red

DRINA (*quietly*) I ain't no Red

POLICEMAN (*thick-skulled*) Well you talk like one

DRINA Aw nuts!

POLICEMAN You were strikin', weren't you?

DRINA Sure Because I want a few bucks more a week so's I can live decent God knows I earn it!

POLICEMAN (*who has had enough*). Aw, go on home! (*He turns and goes in the gate, addressing someone*) Hey, Bill, I wanna see you (*Pause*)

DRINA (*to GIMPTY*) We were only picketing We got a right to picket They charged us They hit us right and left Three of the girls were hurt bad

GIMPTY I'll give you some advice about your brother

DRINA I was just lookin' for him Did you see him?

GIMPTY Tell him to keep away from here or he's in for a lot of trouble

DRINA (*sits down, exhausted, and sighs*) What's he done now?

GIMPTY Plenty

DRINA What?

GIMPTY Just tell him to keep away

DRINA Gosh, I don't know what to do with that boy! (*A passing boat hoots twice* DRINA *ponders her problem a moment*) There's a feller I know is always askin' me to marry him. Maybe I ought to do that, hm? For Tommy he's rich. What should I do?

GIMPTY (*disinterested, too absorbed in his own problem*) That's up to you

DRINA Most of the girls at the store are always talkin' about marryin' a rich guy. I used to laugh at 'em. (*She laughs now at herself*)

GIMPTY Maybe they're right

DRINA (*looks at him*) That doesn't sound like you

GIMPTY No? How do you know what goes on inside of me?

DRINA (*shakes her head and smiles sadly*) I know

GIMPTY (*curtly*) Smart girl!

DRINA (*very tender and soft* *She knows he's suffering*) What's the matter?

GIMPTY Nothing

DRINA I understand

GIMPTY You can't

DRINA Why can't I? (*Suddenly exasperated*) Sometimes for a boy as bright as you, with your education, you talk like a fool. Don't you think I got a heart too? Don't you think there are nights when I cry myself to sleep? Don't you think I know what it means to be lonely and scared and to want somebody? God, ain't I human? Am I so homely that I ain't got a right to

GIMPTY No, Drina! I think you're a swell girl. You are

DRINA (*turns away, annoyed at his patronage*) Oh, don't give me any of that taffy! You don't even know I'm alive!

GIMPTY Why do you say that?

DRINA What's the difference? It don't matter. Only I hate to see you butting your head against a stone wall. You're only going to hurt yourself.

GIMPTY What're you talking about?

DRINA You know. Oh, I think that lady's beautiful and I think she's nice.

GIMPTY (*angry*) Look! Will you be a good girl and mind your own business?

DRINA She's not for you!

GIMPTY Why not? (*The POLICEMAN comes out of the East River Terrace, notebook and pencil in hand* *He goes to GIMPTY*)

POLICEMAN Well, I got something to work on, anyway. Do you know a kid named Tommy something around here?

(DRINA starts, but checks herself)

GIMPTY No

POLICEMAN They heard the others call him Tommy (*Jerks his head toward the gate*) You know what he's liable to do? With his pull? Have me broke, maybe The first thing I know, I'll be pounding a lousier post than this! Harlem, maybe Get a knife in my back (*Looks up from his notebook to DRINA*) Hey, you!

DRINA What?

POLICEMAN You live around here?

DRINA (*very docile, frightened*) Yes

POLICEMAN Know a kid named Tommy something?

DRINA No no, I don't

POLICEMAN (*studying his notes*) I'll catch him I'll skin him alive!

DRINA (*finally ventures*) What'd he do?

POLICEMAN Pulled a knife on some high muck-a-muck in there

DRINA No!

POLICEMAN Yeah Ah, it don't pay to be nice to these kids It just don't pay

DRINA Was the man hurt?

POLICEMAN Yeah It looks like a pretty deep cut Lord, he's fit to be tied! I never seen a guy so boined up! (*DRINA turns and goes up the street, restraining her impulse to run* The POLICEMAN jabbars on, complainingly) This is a rough enough precinct but Harlem?—There's a lousy

precinct! A pal of mine got killed there last year Left a wife and a couple a kids

GIMPTY Is that so?

POLICEMAN Yeah

GIMPTY Too bad! (*As the idea begins to take form*) Well maybe you can catch Baby-face Martin or one of those fellows, and grab off that forty-two-hundred-dollar reward

POLICEMAN Yeah

GIMPTY Then you could retire

POLICEMAN Yeah, you could do a lot on that

GIMPTY Yeah, I guess you could Say tell me something

POLICEMAN What?

GIMPTY Supposin' supposin' a fellow knew where that er Baby-face Martin is located How would he go about reporting him and making sure of not getting gypped out of the reward?

POLICEMAN Just phone police headquarters or the Department of Justice direct They'd be down here in two minutes (*He looks at GIMPTY and asks ironically*) Why? You don't know where he is, do you?

GIMPTY (*smiles wanly back at him*) Colorado, the newspapers say No, I was just wonderrin'

POLICEMAN Well, whoever turns that guy in is taking an awful chance He's a killer

GIMPTY Well . you can't live forever

(A passing tug shrieks its warning signal And shrieks again **MARTIN** walks, cat-footed, down the street)

POLICEMAN That's right
(**GIMPTY** turns, sees **MARTIN**, and rises)

GIMPTY (to the **POLICEMAN**) Excuse me

POLICEMAN Sure
(**GIMPTY** crosses to the other side of the street, and walks away, pretending not to notice **MARTIN**)

MARTIN Hello, Gimpty! (**GIMPTY** accelerates his pace and hobbles off **MARTIN** sucks his teeth for a second, thinking Then he adopts an amiable smile and approaches the **POLICEMAN**) Kunda quiet today, ain' it, officer?

POLICEMAN Not with thes kids around

MARTIN (jerks his head in **GIMPTY**'s direction) Dat's a nice feller Friend a mine

(**HUNK** has entered from up the street just after **GIMPTY**'s exit He is lighting a cigar, when he sees **MARTIN** in friendly conversation with the arch enemy He stands there, transfixed, match to cigar)

POLICEMAN I had quite a talk with him

MARTIN (fishing) What about?

POLICEMAN Oh about these kids here

MARTIN Zat all?

POLICEMAN Say, that's plenty! (He puts his notebook in his pocket) You don't happen to know a kid around here named Tommy something, do you?

MARTIN (shakes his head) Uh-uh!

POLICEMAN Well, I'll catch him all right! (He strides up the sidewalk. **MARTIN** watches him, then laughs The match burns **HUNK**'s fingers He drops it)

HUNK Jesus!

MARTIN (laughing) A pal a mine.

HUNK Dat's crazy

MARTIN Dey don' know me wid dis mug

HUNK (sighs This is too much for him Then he remembers his errand) Say, dat dame is heah

MARTIN Who?

HUNK Er Francey, or whatevah yuh call huh

MARTIN She is?

HUNK Yeah I got 'er waitin' on a corner (Puzzled) I dunno what yuh wanna bodder wid a cheap hustlah like dat fuh

MARTIN (sharply) Wha da yuh mean? Francey ain' no hustlah!

HUNK (skeptical) No?

MARTIN No

HUNK (smiles weakly). O K My mistake We all make mistakes, boss

Dat's what dey got rubbuhs on ee end a pencils faw (*Laughs feebly.*)

MARTIN Pretty cute, ain't cha? Maybe yuhr a mistake Maybe yuhr hiable tuh git rubbed out yuhself

HUNK (*frightened*) I'll git huh now (*He starts off A young girl comes down the street, an obvious whore of the lowest class, wearing her timeless profession defiantly A pert, pretty little face still showing traces of quality and something once sweet and fine Skin an unhealthy pallor, lips a smear of rouge Her mop of dyed red hair is lustreless, strawy, dead from too much alternate bleach and henna She carries herself loosely Droop-shouldered Voluptuous S-shaped posture There are no clothes under her cheap, faded green silk dress, cut so tight that it reveals the nipples of her full breasts, her navel the "V" of her crotch, the muscles of her buttocks She has obviously dressed hastily, carelessly, one stocking streaked with runs dribbles down at the ankle She accosts HUNK, impatiently*)

FRANCEY Hey, what ta hell's ee idear, keepin' me standin' on a corner all day? I'm busy I gotta git back tuh da house Yuh want Ida tuh break my face?
(MARTIN looks at her)

MARTIN Francey! Jesus, what's come over yuh?

FRANCEY (*turning sharply to MARTIN*) How do yew know my name? Who are yew? (*Impatiently*) Well, who th' hell (*Then she recognizes him, and gasps*) Fuh th' love a God! Marty!

MARTIN (*never taking his eyes off the girl*) Yeah Hunk scam!

(HUNK goes up the street, stops at the tenement stoop and lounges there, within ear shot)

FRANCEY (*eagerly*) How are yuh, Marty?

MARTIN Read duh papers!

FRANCEY Yuh did somethin' to yuh face

MARTIN Yeah Plastic, dey call it.

FRANCEY They said yuh wuz out aroun' Coloradah—th' noospapuhsl Gee, I'm glad to see yuh!
(MARTIN slips his arm around her waist and draws her tight to his body As his lips grope for hers, FRANCEY turns her face away MARTIN tries to pull her face around She cries furiously) No don' kiss me on a lips!

MARTIN (*releasing her, puzzled*) What? What's a matter? (*He can't believe this He frowns*) I ain't good enough for yuh?

FRANCEY (*quickly*) No It ain't dat. It ain't yew It's me I got a sore on my mouth Fuh yuhr own good, I don't want yuh to kiss me, dat's why

MARTIN I ain't nevuh fuhgot da way yew kiss

FRANCEY (*wistfully*) I ain't niethuh (*She laughs*) Go on! You wit all yer fancy dames. Where do I come off?

MARTIN Dey don't mean nuttin'

FRANCEY Dat chorus goil what's 'er name?

MARTIN Nuttin' She ain't got nuttin' no guts, no fire But yew

been beinin' in my blood . evuh
since

FRANCEY An' yew been in mine
if yuh wanna know

MARTIN Remembuh dat foist night
. on a roof?

FRANCEY Yeah, I remembuh
da sky was full a stars, an' I was full
a dreamy ideas Dat was me foist
time I was fourteen, goin' on fifteen

MARTIN Yeah It wuz mine too It
wuz terrific Hit me right wheah I
live like my back wuz meltin'
An I wuz so sca'd when yuh started
laffin' an' cryin', crazy like
(*They both laugh, enjoying the
memory, a little embarrassed by it*)

FRANCEY Yeah

MARTIN Gee, I nevuh wuz so sca'd
like 'at time

FRANCEY Me too

MARTIN (*draws her to him agam,
more gently*) Come eah! Close to
me!

FRANCEY (*acquiescing*) Ony don'
kiss me on a lips!

MARTIN Closuh! (*They stand there
a moment, bodies close, passionate
MARTIN buries his face in her hair*)

FRANCEY (*eyes closed, whispers*)
Marty!

MARTIN Dose times unduh da
stairs

FRANCEY A couple a crazy kids we
were! We wuz gonna git married I
bought a ring at da five an' dime staw

MARTIN Yeah Ony we didn' have
money enough fuh de license Gee,
it seems like yestuddy We wuz talkin'
about it right heah

FRANCEY Yestuddy! It seems like a
million yeahs!

MARTIN (*as voices are heard coming
from the East River Terrace*) Wait!
(*They separate He draws his hat
over his eyes and turns away as a
young couple come out of the gate
and walk up the street*)

GIRL So many people standing
around What's all the excitement?
What's happened?

MAN The elevator man said someone
was stabbed

GIRL Really? Who was it, do you
know?

MAN Mr. Griswold, I think he said
Twelfth floor

GIRL Oh! Yes? Did he say who did
it?

MAN He said one of the kids around
here somewhere
(*When they are well out of sight,
FRANCEY clutches MARTIN's arm*)

FRANCEY Marty, listen! Yuh got ta
take care a yuhself Yuh gotta go way
an' hide I don' want 'em to git yuh!
I don' wan' 'em to git yuh!

MARTIN Whatsa diffrence wheah I
go? Ey got thuh finger on me every-
wheah Ah, frig'em

FRANCEY Dey won't reco'nize yuh
Dey won't! Even I didn't

MARTIN Yeah, but yuh can' change
ese, Francey Look! (*He holds up*

his fingers *The tips are yellow and scarred*) Tree times I boined 'em wid acid an' t'ings No good Dere are some t'ings yuh can't change But I'll tell yuh what I'll scam out a heah I'll scam if yew come wit me

FRANCEY Ah, what do yuh want me fer? A broken-down hoor

MARTIN Shut up!

FRANCEY I wouldn't be good fuh yuh

MARTIN I know what I want

FRANCEY *(laughs, crazily)* Yeah Dis is a swell pipe-dream I'm havin'! I'm Minnie de Moocher kickin' a gong aroun'

MARTIN I isten! I got de dough now, kid We kin do it now

FRANCEY But I'm sick, Marty! Don't yuh see? I'm sick!

MARTIN What's a matter wid yuh?

FRANCEY *(almost maudibly)* What do yuh think?

(MARTIN looks at her for a long time He sees her The nostalgic dream is finished His lips begin to curl in disgust)

MARTIN Why didncha git a job?

FRANCEY Dey don't grow on trees!

MARTIN Why didncha starve foist?

FRANCEY Why didnchou?
(MARTIN makes no effort to conceal his growing disgust Turns away)

FRANCEY *(suddenly shouts, fiercely, at the top of her lungs)* Well, what ta hell did yuh expect?

MARTIN I don' know
(A passing tug shrieks hoarsely The echo floats back)

FRANCEY *(quietly, clutching at a hope)* Mavbe if yuh got da dough yuh git a doctuh an' he fixes me up

MARTIN Nah Once at stuff gits in yuh nah! *(Again the tug shrieks and is answered by its echo He reaches into his inner breast pocket, extracs a fat roll of bills, peels off several and hands them to her)* Heah Buy yerself somethin'

FRANCEY *(her eyes suddenly glued to the money)* Baby! Dat's some roll yuh got Yu'h cud choke a hoss wid dat

MARTIN *(thrusting it at her)* Heah!

FRANCEY *(takes the money)* Is it hot?

MARTIN Yeah Bettah be careful where yuh spend it

FRANCEY Sure

MARTIN An' keep yuh lips buttoned up!

FRANCEY I wouldn't tell on yuh, Marty Not if dey tied me ta wild hosses, I wouldn't

MARTIN Bettuh not

FRANCEY *(folds her money, still fascinated by the huge roll of bills in his hand Her voice takes on a peculiar whining, wheedling quality)* Honey!

MARTIN. Yeah?

FRANCEY Cud yuh spare another twenty bucks? I godda

MARTIN No!

FRANCEY Aw, come on, deane!

MARTIN No!

FRANCEY Don' be a tightwad!

MARTIN (*reaching the limit of his disgust*) What ta hell do yuh tink I am? Some guy yuh got up in yuh room? I'll (*He raises his hand, ready to slap her Again the shriek of a tug, and the echo*)

FRANCEY (*quickly, frightened*) Nah, ferget it, Marty! I wuz just

MARTIN Awright! Awright! Now beat it!

FRANCEY O K, Marty (*She starts to go, pause, turns back*) Fer old times' sakes, will yuh do me a favor? Please?

MARTIN (*shoves the money back into his pocket*) No!

FRANCEY Not dat

MARTIN What?

FRANCEY Will vuh kiss me? Heah? Ona cheek? Jus' fuh old times' sakes? Come on (*He hesitates She comes close, presses her cheek against his lips He pecks her cheek, and turns away, scowling She laughs, a low bitter laugh, at his obvious distrelsh*) Thanks! (*She goes up the street slowly, her purse swinging carelessly, her body swaying invitation, the tired march of her profession The shriek of the tug is drawn out and distant now The echo lingers. MAR-*

TIN spits and wipes the kiss off his lips with a groan of distaste)

HUNK (*comes down the sidewalk, slowly*) Well?

MARTIN Huh?

HUNK See?

MARTIN Yeah Yeah!

HUNK Twice in one day Deah yuh ah! I toldja we shouldn' a come back But yuh wouldn' lissen a me Yuh nevah lissen a me

MARTIN Yeah

HUNK (*trying to console him*) I know how yuh feel, Marty Les go back to St Louis, huh? Now dat dame yuh had deah—Deedy Cook—Now dat wuz a broad Regaler Bet she's waitin fuh yuh wid welcome ona doormat

MARTIN Awright! Don' talk 'bout dames, Hunk, will yuh? Fuhget 'em All cats look alike inna dahk Fuhget 'em

(*A little girl comes out of the gate bouncing a rubber ball MARTIN looks at her, thinks a moment, turns to watch her go up the street He sucks his teeth a moment, thinking*)

HUNK Listen, Marty Let's gu outta heah Too many people know yuh heah Whaddaya say?

MARTIN Sh! I'm thinkin' (*Pause*)

HUNK Well, guess I'll go shoot e game a pillpool (*Starts to go up the street*)

MARTIN (*motions him back, turns to stare at the Terrace Apartments*)

Wait a minute. (HUNK returns)
Yuh know, Hunk (He shakes a
thumb at the Apartment) Der's a pile
a tin in ere

HUNK Yeah

MARTIN Didja see what dese kids did
heah today?

HUNK No

MARTIN Ey got one a dese rich little
squoints in a hallway, slapped him
around an' robbed his watch

HUNK So what?

(A man appears on the terrace,
watches them for a second, and then
slips away. Two men come down the
street talking casually, one of them
goes into the tenement, the other,
waiting for him, wanders over back
of the hopper and is hidden from
view.)

MARTIN (glances at them, lowers his
voice) Maybe we kin pull a snatch
kidnap one a dese babies

HUNK We're too hot Foolin' round
wid kids ain' our racket

MARTIN Scared?

HUNK No ony I

MARTIN Stop yuh yamunenn'! Git a
hold a Whitey See wot he knows
about duh mugs in heah! (HUNK
hesitates) Come on, Hunk, git goin'!

HUNK O K Yuh duh boss! (He goes
reluctantly)
(The tap of GIMPTY's cane on the
sidewalk is heard approaching, its
rhythmic click ominous GIMPTY ap-
pears, tight-lipped, pale, grim MAR-
TIN smiles out of one corner of his

lips, and throws him a conciliatory
greeting)

MARTIN Hello, Gimpty!
(GIMPTY turns away without answer-
ing MARTIN, amused, laughs He is
suddenly in a good mood The man
who spied on him from the terrace
appears in the gateway and catches
GIMPTY's eye GIMPTY points his cane
at MARTIN The good mood passes
MARTIN's eyebrows pull together in
one puzzled line)

MARTIN What's eatin' yuh, wise
guy?

(The man behind the gate draws a
revolver, comes quickly up behind
MARTIN and digs the gun in his back

G MAN Get em up, Martin! The De-
partment of Justice wants you!

MARTIN What ta hell ! (Tries
to turn, but the revolver prods him
back)

G MAN Come on, get' em up!

MARTIN (hands up) I ain't Martin
My name's Johnson Wanna see my
license? (He slides his hand into his
breast pocket)

G MAN If you're smart, you'll behave
yourself!

MARTIN (wheels around, draws his
gun, and fires in one motion) No,
yuh don't (The G MAN drops his
gun, crumples onto the sidewalk
holding his belly and kicking MAR-
TIN turns to face GIMPTY, who has
backed away to the hopper MARTIN,
his face black and contorted, aims at
GIMPTY) So yuh ratted, yuh
(From behind the hopper and the
tenement doorway guns explode

Two other G MEN appear and descend on MARTIN, firing as they come. MARTIN groans, wheels and falls, his face in the gutter, his fingers clawing the sidewalk. One of the G MEN goes to aid his wounded comrade. The other G MAN stands over MARTIN's body, pumping bullet after bullet into him, literally nailing him to the ground. The G MAN kicks him to make sure he's dead. No twitch! MARTIN lies there flat. The G MAN takes out a handkerchief, picks up MARTIN's gun gingerly, wraps it in the handkerchief, puts it in his pocket.)

SECOND G MAN Where 'd he get you, Bob? Come on, sit up here! *(Helps him to sit against the coping. FIRST G MAN presses his hand in agony to his wound. From the street there is a rising babble of voices. Tenement windows are thrown up, heads thrust out, the curious crowd to the edge of the terrace, come to the gate, run down the street, collect in small groups, discussing the macabre scene in excited, hushed murmur. A LADY comes out of the gate, sees the dead man, screams hysterically, and is held off by the DOORMAN. The POLICEMAN comes tearing down the street, revolver drawn. He forces his way through the crowd.)*

POLICEMAN Out a my way! Look out! *(To the THIRD G MAN.)* What's this?

THIRD G MAN *(taking out a badge in a leather case from inside his coat pocket and holding it up.)* It's all right, officer. Department of Justice! *(Replaces the badge.)*

POLICEMAN What happened? Who's this guy?

THIRD G MAN Baby-face Martin

POLICEMAN Is that him?

THIRD G MAN Yep

POLICEMAN Gese, I was talkin' to him a couple a minutes ago

SECOND G MAN Get an ambulance, quick! We'll you?

POLICEMAN *(crosses to the police box, opens it.)* Box 10 Mulligan. Send ambulance! Make all notifications! Baby-face Martin was just shot by Federal men. He winged one of 'em. I don't know yeah here. Gese, I was talking to him myself a few minutes ago. Hell! Sarge, I couldn't recognize him. His face is all made over. *(He hangs up. The shrill siren of a radio car mounts to a crescendo, mingles with the screech of brakes, and is suddenly silent. Two more policemen dash on, forcing their path through the crowd. They are followed by SPIT, wearing a single roller skate. He edges his way to the front of the crowd.)*

SECOND POLICEMAN Hi, Mulligan. What have yuh got here?

MULLIGAN Baby-face Martin!

THIRD POLICEMAN Did you git him?

MULLIGAN No such luck. The Federal men got him. He winged one of them. *(Gestures toward the wounded G MAN.)*

SECOND POLICEMAN Did you notify the house?

MULLIGAN Yeah. I gave 'em everything. Lend us a hand, will yuh. Git rid of this crowd. *(MULLIGAN stands by MARTIN's body, writing in a notebook. The other POLICEMEN*

push back the crowd SPIT *slips through, and looks at the dead man with scared curiosity*)

SECOND POLICEMAN (*pushing the crowd*) Break it up! This is no circus Come on, break it up!

GIRL IN THE CROWD Don't push me!

SECOND POLICEMAN Well, go on home! Go on, break it up!

SECOND G MAN (*to the wounded agent*) How you feelin', Bob?

FIRST G MAN Lousy

SECOND G MAN You'll be O K

FIRST G MAN I don't know I don't know! I should've plugged him right away in the back You don't give a snake like that a break Anyway, we got him! That's something!

SECOND G MAN Sure you did, Bob You'll get cited for this

FIRST G MAN That's dandy! That's just dandy! Give the medal to my old lady for the kids to play with an' remember they once had an old man who was a hero!

THIRD G MAN Aw, cut it, Bob You'll be O K Don't talk like that!

DOORMAN (*pushing through the crowd*) Officer! Officer!

MULLIGAN Get outa here! You with the rest of them Come on, get back!

DOORMAN Officer, this is important! That's one of the boys there, that one! He's one of the gang!

MULLIGAN What boy? What the hell are you talkin' about?

DOORMAN The one who stabbed Mr Griswald

MULLIGAN What? Oh, where?

DOORMAN (*pointing*) That one there! He's one of the gang

MULLIGAN Are you sure?

DOORMAN Yes yes I'll swear to it!

MULLIGAN Come here! Hey you! (*Runs over to SPIT, grabs his arm* The murmur of the crowd rises)

SPIT Lemme go! I didn' do nuttin' Lemme go!

SECOND POLICEMAN What is this kid got to do with it?

MULLIGAN That's somethin' else (*The clang of an approaching ambulance comes to a sudden halt Enter, pushing their way down the street, an INTERNE carrying a doctor's bag, followed by an AMBULANCE MAN carrying a folded stretcher, which encloses a pillow and a rolled blanket The murmur of the crowd hushes*)

INTERNE Hello, Mulligan

MULLIGAN Hello, doc (*To SECOND POLICEMAN*) Hold this kid a minute

(*SECOND POLICEMAN grabs SPIT's arm and drags him back to the crowd on the sidewalk*)

INTERNE What's up? (*He comes down to the body*)

MULLIGAN Just got Baby-face Martin!

(The murmur rises again as the news is spread)

INTERNE You did? (He glances at the body) He won't need me!

SECOND G MAN Hey, doc, look at this man! (The INTERNE kneels to the wounded man, examines his wound, sponges it, places a pad over it) It's not bad, is it, doc?

INTERNE (cheerfully) Not very bad, but we'd better rush him off to the hospital. Here, somebody help get him on the stretcher.

(The AMBULANCE MAN opens the stretcher, places the pillow at the head. SECOND G MAN and MULLIGAN lift the wounded G MAN carefully and lay him on the stretcher with words of encouragement. The AMBULANCE MAN unrolls the blanket over him. SECOND G MAN and the AMBULANCE DRIVER carry the wounded man up the sidewalk calling "Gangway." The THIRD G MAN accompanies them, holding the wounded man's hand and talking to him. The crowd opens a path, and stares, their murmur silenced for a moment.)

MULLIGAN (pointing to BABY-FACE) Want to look at this guy, doc?

INTERNE (kneels by the body, rips open the coat and vest, cursorily inspects the wounds, rolls back the eyelid, applies a stethoscope to the heart) Phew! They certainly did a job on him! Nothing left to look at but chopped meat. God, they didn't leave enough of him for a good p.m. (Rises, takes pad and pencil from his pocket, glances at MULLIGAN's shield, writes) Mulligan 10417

19th Precinct Have you got his pedigree?

MULLIGAN (reading from his own notebook) Joe Martin 28 White

U S 5 ft, 9 in 170 lbs Unmarried Occupation (Shrugs his shoulders)

INTERNE All right Dr. Flint. Mark him D O A!

MULLIGAN (writing) Dead on arrival

(Enter, pushing their way through the crowd, the MEDICAL EXAMINER, followed by the POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER. The PHOTOGRAPHER opens his camera, adjusts it, and photographs the body from several angles.)

INTERNE (as the EXAMINER approaches) Hello, doc!

EXAMINER Hello, Doctor. So they finally got him, did they?

INTERNE Yes, they sure did.

EXAMINER It's about time. What have you got on him?

INTERNE Twelve gunshot wounds. Five belly, four chest, three head. (Picks up his bag and goes.) The EXAMINER inspects the body.)

MULLIGAN (to the DOORMAN) Hey, find something to cover this up with. (The DOORMAN nods and disappears through the gateway. MULLIGAN turns to the THIRD POLICEMAN, who is still holding back the crowd.) Hey, Tom! Stand by while I go through this bum! (He kneels, and goes through MARTIN's pockets, handing his findings to the THIRD POLICEMAN who jots them down in his notebook. MULLIGAN takes a ring off MARTIN's finger.) Diamond ring. Look at that rock! (He hands it to the THIRD POLICEMAN who pockets it, and

makes a note MULLIGAN *extracts MARTIN's wad of bills*) And this roll of bills! What a pile! You count it!

EXAMINER Through with him, boys?

MULLIGAN *(rising)* Yeah

PHOTOGRAPHER One second! *(Takes a last photograph)*

EXAMINER Well, as soon as the wagon comes, send him down to the morgue I'll look him over in the morning Mulligan, you report to me there first thing in the morning, too

MULLIGAN Yes, sir
(The EXAMINER goes The PHOTOGRAPHER folds his camera and follows)

WOMAN IN THE CROWD *(to the SECOND POLICEMAN, who is holding SPIT)* Officer! What did this boy have to do with it? Why are you holding him?

SECOND POLICEMAN Never mind Stand back!

SPIT Lemme go! I didn't do nuttin'! Whadda yuh want?

MULLIGAN *(goes to SPIT)* You're one of the gang who beat up a boy here today and stabbed his father, ain't you?

SPIT No, I vain't I didn' 'ave nuttin tuh do wid it It wuz a kid named Tommy McGrath

(The murmur of the crowd fades as they all listen)

MULLIGAN Tommy McGrath! Where does he live?

SPIT On Foist Avenoo between Fifty-toid and Fifty-fawt

MULLIGAN Sure?

SPIT Yeah

MULLIGAN *(to the SECOND POLICEMAN)* Take this kid around there, will yuh? Get ahoid a Tommy McGrath He's wanted for stabbin some guy I got to wait for the morgue wagon

SECOND POLICEMAN O K *(Drags SPIT through the crowd)* Come on! You show us where he lives and we'll let you go *(As they go off, the murmur of the crowd rises again The THIRD G MAN crosses to GIMPITY, who is leaning against the hopper, white and shaking The DOORMAN comes out with an old discarded coat, the gold braid raveled and rusty, the cloth dirty and oil-stained MULLIGAN takes it from him)*

THIRD G MAN *(to GIMPITY)* Good work, Mac Come over to the office and pick up your check *(He makes his way up the street MULLIGAN throws the coat over MARTIN's body The murmur of the crowd rises high A boat horn in the river bellows hoarsely and dies away)*

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

SCENE—*The same That night A very dark night From the dock the sounds of a gay party, music, babble, laughter GIMPTY, a bent silhouette, sits on the coping leaning against the terrace wall There's a lamp shining up the street The lights from the tenement windows are faint and yellow and glum The lanterns on the gateposts, one red, one green, are lit and look very decorative There's a blaze of fire crackling out of an old iron ash-can in the center of the street The BOYS hover over it, roasting potatoes skewered on long sticks Their impish faces gleam red one minute and are wiped by shadows the next as they lean over the flames*

ANGEL (*gesturing wildly*) All uv a sudden da shots come
bing bam biff

T B (*superior*) I hoid da shots foist
I wuz jus walkin' up

ANGEL (*angrily*) Yuh di'not

T B I did so

ANGEL Yuh tought it wuz a rivitin' machine, yuh said

T B I di'not

ANGEL (*tops him*) Yuh did so

T B (*tops him*) I di'not

ANGEL (*tops him*) Yuh did so

T B (*tops him*) Ah, yuh mudduh's chooch!

ANGEL (*tops him*) Yeah, yuh fad-duh's doop!

T B (*crescendo*) Fongoola!

(DIPPY runs down the street waving two potatoes)

DIPPY Hey, guys, I swiped two maw mickeys Look!

ANGEL Boy, 'at's good!

SPIT O K Put 'em in

DIPPY Wheah's Tommy?

SPIT Put 'em in!

DIPPY Dis big one's mine, remem-buh!

SPIT Put 'em in, I said!

DIPPY Don' fugit, dis big one's mine!

SPIT Shat ap!

DIPPY Yeah yew yew shat ap!

SPIT Wha-a-at?

DIPPY (*cowed, moves away from SPIT*) Wheah's Tommy?

ANGEL I dunno He didn' show up yet

T B (*reflectively, referring to MARTIN*) Da papuhs said dey found twenty gran' in 'is pockets

ANGEL Twenty G's Boy, 'at's a lot a dough!

SPIT Boy, he must a bin a putty smaht guy

T B Baby-face? Sure! He wuz a tops Public enemy numbuh one Boy, he had guts He wasn' a scared a no-body Boy, he could knock 'em all off like dat like any'ting! Boy, like nuttn!

(DIPPY takes a stick from the can and holds it against his shoulder, pointed at ANGEL, maneuvering it as if it were a machine gun)

DIPPY (*makes a rapid, staccato bleating sound*) Ah-ah-ah-ah! Look, I godda machine gun! Ah-ah-ah-ah!

ANGEL (*pointing his kazoo at DIPPY*) Bang Bang!

DIPPY (*sore*) Nah, yuh can't do dat Yuh'r dead I shot yuh foist

ANGEL (*ignores that salient point, raises the kazoo again, takes dead aim at DIPPY*) Bang!

DIPPY (*lets loose with his improvised machine gun*) Ah-ah-ah-ah! Deah Now I gotcha! Now yuh dead!

ANGEL Bang!

DIPPY (*disgusted*) Aw-w-w! (*He throws the stick into the fire and turns away*)

T B Gese what I could do wid twenty G's!

ANGEL What?

SPIT Snot!

T B Yeah, I bet I could buy a boar like dat, huh? (*He points off toward the dock*)

ANGEL Look! Dey got lights an' flags an' music!

SPIT Dey got some hot party on, hey guys?

DIPPY Look! Look! Dey're dancin'! (*Cavorts about with an imaginary partner, making ribald gestures and singing*) Yuh're da top, yuh're da coliseum Hey! I'm dancin'! Look, felluhs! Look on me! I'm dancin'! Look on me! (*He whirls around and looks at them for approval*)

T B (*sour faced*) Sit down! Yew stink!

(DIPPY stops grinning and dancing simultaneously He sits down, squelched)

ANGEL Twenty grand!

SPIT Yeah so what's it got 'im?

ANGEL Yeah Yuh see duh pitchuh uv 'is broad inna papuhs? Deedy Cook aw sump'm

T B Boy, some nice nooky, huh?

SPIT Boy, she's got some contrac's now! I heah she's gonna do a bubble dance in a boilesque, I t'ink

ANGEL Yeah My fadduh took one look at huh pitchuh So 'ee said 'ee'd let 'em shoot 'im too, fuh half an hour wid a fancy floozy like dat So my mudduh gits mad So she sez dey wouldn' haf tuh shoot cha Haf an hour wid at cockamamee yuh'd be dead! (*They all laugh*) So she spills

some boilin' watuh on 'im So 'ee yells
like a bastid an' runs outta da house
mad

(MILTY comes down the sidewalk,
breathless with excitement)

MILTY Hey, felluhs, yuh know
what?

ANGEL What?

SPIT Snot!

MILTY Balls tuh yew!

SPIT Ah, I'll mobilize yuh!

MILTY Yuh know what, guys? Duh
cops ah wise tuh Tommy

ANGEL Gese!

T B No kid! No kid!

SPIT Aw, bushwah!

MILTY No bushwah! Deah' lookin'
fuh 'im He tole me hissself (To
SPIT) Fot smelleh! Dey went up tuh
his house Some guy snitched

T B No kid!

SPIT Did dey git 'im?

MILTY Nah Tommy's too wise fuh
dem Dey come in tru de daw He
goes out tru de fire-escape, down a
yahrd, oveh de fence, tru de celleh,
up de stayuhs, out dee udduh street

SPIT Wheah's he now?

MILTY He's hidin' out

SPIT Wheah?

MILTY Wheah duh yuh tink,
wheah? Wheah dey don' ketch 'im,
dat's wheah

SPIT Ah, dey'll ketch 'im

MILTY Dey don' ketch Tommy so
quick

SPIT (nervously, looking into the
fire) How're de mickeys comin'?

T B Gese, I bet a dollah dey sen' 'im
tuh rifawm school

SPIT Sure Dat's what dey do

DIPPY Yeah, dat's what Ain' it,
T B?

T B Yeah Dey sent me tuh rifawm
school fuh jus' swipin' a bunch a
bananas An' 'ey wuz all rotten too,
most a dem

MILTY I pity duh guy who snitched
Tommy's layin' fuh him, awright

DIPPY Does 'ee know who?

SPIT (trying to change the subject)
Hcy, guys, duh mickeys ah awmost
done!

ANGEL (fishing out his potato and
poking it with his kazoo) Nah, not
yet Look, dis one's hard inside

DIPPY reaches to feel ANGEL's
mickey) Yeah Like a rock Ouch!
Dat's hot! (Licks his fingers)

ANGEL (dipping the mickey back
into the embers) Gese, poor Tom-
my! If dey ketch 'im, he don' git no
maw mickeys like dis fer a long time

DIPPY Dey git mickeys in rifawm
school, don' dey?

T B Slop dey git, slop unless
dey git some dough tuh smeah da
jailies wid

SPIT Aw, shat ap! All a time yuh shoot yuh mout' off about rifawm school like yew wuz 'ee ony one who evuh went.

DIPPY Yeah Yew wuz ony deah six mont's

ANGEL Tom'll git two yeahs

DIPPY T'ree, maybe, I bet

MILTY Gese, dat's lousy

SPIT Ah, shat ap, will yuh?

T B Yeah, nevuh mind Yuh loin a barrel a good tings in rifawm school (*The DOORMAN comes out of the gate, exasperated*)

DOORMAN Now I'm not going to tell you again!
(**SPIT**, **T B** and **ANGEL** speak simultaneously)

SPIT Ah, go frng!

T B Deah're awmost done

ANGEL Jus' a li'l while

DOORMAN No! Get away from here
all of you right now!

GIMPTY (*approaches the DOORMAN and addresses him in a voice tight and hoarse, hardly recognizable*) Did you give her my note?

DOORMAN Yes She said she'd be out in a moment

GIMPTY Thanks (*He retires to sit again in the shadows*)

DOORMAN If you kids don't beat it, I'm going to call a cop! (*Turns to the gate*)

SPIT Aw, hold yuh hawses!

DOORMAN (*wheels about, threateningly*) Wha-a-at?

SPIT (*scared*) Nuttn

(*A LADY in evening gown and a MAN in tuxedo come down the street, talking quietly The WOMAN laughs As they reach the gate, the DOORMAN touches his hat*)

DOORMAN Good evening

MAN AND WOMAN Good evening
(*The DOORMAN follows them through the gateway*)

SPIT (*when the DOORMAN is well out of earshot*), Ah, yuh louse, I'll mobilize yuh!
(*The boys all roar*)

ANGEL Hey, de fire's dym' down

T B Yeah, we need maw wood

SPIT Let's scout aroun' an' soich out some maw wood I'll stay heah an' guard de mickeys

T B Me too

SPIT Yew, too, balls!

T B What's a mattuh wit me?

SPIT What's a mattuh wit yew? Yew stink on ice, 'at's what's a mattuh wit' yew!

T B Yeah, well, yew ain' no hly a da valley

SPIT Go on now, or yuh git dis mickey . red hot up yuh bunny!

T B Yeah? (*He begins to cough*)

SPIT Yeah! Wanna make sumpm otuv it?

T B If it wasn't fuh my T B

SPIT Ah, dat's a gag Any time yuh put it straight up tuh 'im, he goes
(Imitates the cough) My T B Balls!

T B Oh, yeah? Look, smart guy!
(He has been holding his hand to his lips He coughs again, spits, opens his hand, holds it out and displays a bloody clot in the palm Proudly)
Blood! (The boys gasp)

ANGEL Wow!

T B Smart guy!

SPIT Ah, I could do dat Yuh suck yuh mout'

DIPPY (sucks his mouth audibly, spits into his hand) I can't I can't How do yuh do it?
(DRINA comes down the street, sees the boys and hurries to them)

MILTY Hello, DRINA

DRINA Did you see Tommy? (There is a tired, desperate quality in her tone)

MILTY No

DRINA (to DIPPY) Did you?

DIPPY Nope

DRINA Did anybody see him? He hasn't been home at all

MILTY No Nobody saw 'im, DRINA

DRINA (tired, very tired) Thanks Thanks, Milty (She notices GIMPTY and approaches him)

ANGEL (in a whisper) Whyn't yuh tell huh?

MILTY (also whispering) No Tommy said no

SPIT (aloud) Ah, balonee!

MILTY (whispers) Sh! Shat ap!

SPIT (deliberately loud) Who fuh! I'll give yuh yuh lumps in a minute

DRINA (to GIMPTY) Pete, did you see Tommy?

GIMPTY What?

DRINA My brother? Have you seen him at all?

GIMPTY Oh! No

DRINA Gee, he hasn't showed up yet The cops are looking for him I'm scared to death

GIMPTY I'm sorry

SPIT Hey, DRINA! Milty knows, but he won't tell!

DRINA (turns quickly) Does he?

MILTY No

SPIT He does

MILTY (quietly to SPIT) Ah, yuh louse! (Aloud to DRINA) I do not!

SPIT (to MILTY) I'll mobilize yuh! (To DRINA) He does so
(DRINA takes MILTY by both shoulders and shakes him)

DRINA Milty, please tell me if you know please! I'm half crazy

MILTY Tommy said not tuh tell

DRINA (pleading) But I wouldn't hurt him You know that It's for his

good I've got to talk to him I've got to find out what we're gonna do
(Pause) Milty, you've gotta tell me please!

MILTY (reluctantly) Aw right!
Come on .

DRINA (as they go up the street)
How is he? Is he all right? Is he hurt or anything?

MILTY Nah!

DRINA Why didn't he come home?

MILTY Don' worry, Drina Dey won' catch 'im
(They're out of sight and the voices fade off)

SPIT Hey, Angel You stay heah wid me Youse guys git some wood Go on!

DIPPY O K Watch my mickey

T B Mine too
(DIPPY and T B exit up the sidewalk)

DIPPY Me, I'm goin' ovuh on Toid Avenoo

T B I'm goin' ovuh tuh Schultzie's

DIPPY Naw, whyn't cha go ovuh on Second Avenoo?
(Their voices fade away)

SPIT Hey, Angel, yew stay heah an' guard dose mickes

ANGEL Wheeah yuh goin'?

SPIT I'm gonna trail Milty an' fin' out wheeah Tommy is

ANGEL What faw!

SPIT None a yuh beeswax! (He lopes up the street ANGEL watches him for a while, puzzled, then fishes his kazoo from a pocket, relaxes by the fireside, and hums into the instrument A shadow detaches itself from the hopper and creeps stealthily toward ANGEL It whispers "Psst! Hey! Angel!" ANGEL wheels around, startled)

ANGEL Tommy! Gese!

TOMMY (his face glowing red as he leans over the fire toward ANGEL) Sh! Shat ap! (In a hoarse whisper) Wheeah ah da guys?
(They both talk in whispers)

ANGEL Dey went tuh look fuh wood

TOMMY What?

ANGEL Fuh wood Maw wood Milty jus' took yuh sistuh .

TOMMY Is Spit wit de guys?

ANGEL Yeah

TOMMY O K

ANGEL Milty jus' took yuh sistuh tuh yer hideout

TOMMY He did? De louse!

ANGEL Whatcha gonna do, Tommy?

TOMMY Run away so de bulls don' git me

ANGEL (impressed), Gese!

TOMMY (quietly) But foist I'm gonna ketch de guy who snatched Do yuh know who it wuz?

ANGEL Me? No

TOMMY (*flaring*) Don' he tuh me
I'll kill yuh!

ANGEL Yew know me, Tommy

TOMMY O K I tink I'm wise tuh
who done it

ANGEL. Who?

TOMMY Spit

ANGEL Yuh tink so?

TOMMY Yeah

ANGEL Gese!

TOMMY Now I'm gonna hide, see?
Right back a deah (*Points up be-
hind the hopper*) If yuh let on I'm
heah (*Ominously*) I'll put yuh
teet' down yuh throat!

ANGEL Aw, Tommy, yuh know me
. yuh know me!

TOMMY O K Den do like I tell yuh
When Spit comes back, yew tell 'im
like dis Duh guy I stabbed wuz
down heah lookin' fuh Spit tuh giv-
vim five bucks fuh smitchin' on who
done it Yuh got dat straight?

ANGEL Duh guy what he got stabbed
wuz down heah lookin' fuh Spit
tuh givvim five bucks fuh smitch-
in' on who done it

TOMMY Right

ANGEL O K

TOMMY An' rememba yew let
on I'm heah, I'll

ANGEL Aw, Tommy, yew know me

TOMMY Aw right Jus' do like I tole
yuh

ANGEL Whadda yuh gonna do tuh
Spit if 'ee done it? (TOMMY takes a
knife from his pocket, and nips open
the blade The firelight runs along
the blade It looks bright and sharp
and hard TOMMY grimly draws it
diagonally across his cheek ANGEL
grunts) Mark a de squealuh?

TOMMY (*snaps the blade home and
pockets the knife*) Right

ANGEL Gese!

TOMMY Now, go on playin' yuh ka-
zoo like nuttn happened like I
wuzn't heah
(*Footsteps and voices from the gate
TOMMY ducks and melts into the
shadows of the hopper ANGEL plays
his kazoo a bit ostentatiously The
DOORMAN opens the gate KAY ap-
pears in a shimmering evening gown,
lovely and scented*)

GIMPTY (*his voice dull and tired*).
Hello, Kay!

KAY Hello, Pete! (GIMPTY looks past
KAY at the DOORMAN) Yes?

DOORMAN Ma'am?

KAY Anything you want?

DOORMAN Oh no no, ma'am Ex-
cuse me (*Exit*)

GIMPTY I sent you a note this after
noon Did you get it?

KAY Yes I was out I didn't get back
till late I'm so sorry, Pete Forgive me

GIMPTY Forget it!
(*Two couples in evening clothes
come down the street They are all
hectic, gay, and a trifle drunk They*

greet KAY merrily She laughs and jests with them, tells them she'll join them shortly, and in the gate they go Not, however, without one or two backward glances at GIMPTY Their chatter, off, ends in a burst of laughter that fades away KAY turns to GIMPTY)

KAY What a brawl that's turning into!

GIMPTY Yeah It seems like quite a party

KAY Yes, it is

GIMPTY *(after a pause, in a voice so low, it can scarcely be heard)* Kay did you hear what happened here this afternoon?

KAY What do you ?

GIMPTY The shooting

KAY *(making talk Evading)* Oh, yes And we just missed it It must have been exciting I'm

GIMPTY I didn't miss it

KAY No? Oh, tell me was it very ?

GIMPTY *(begins to give way to the terror and remorse pent up in him)* It was pretty horrible

KAY Oh of course

GIMPTY Horrible!

KAY *(realizing by his tone that something dreadful lies in all this, she becomes very tender and soothing)* Pete, give me your hand Come here *(She leads him to the edge of the wharf)* Sit down. Now, what happened?

GIMPTY. I'd rather not talk about it for a minute

KAY If it upsets you, let's not talk about it at all

GIMPTY Yes, I've got to . but not for a minute

KAY All right
(Underneath them, the river splashes against the bulwark Off, on the yacht, the band is playing a soft, sentimental melody The chatter and the laughter from the party float faintly over the water They sit there for a long time just staring across the river, at its lights, at the factories and signs on the opposite shore, at the bridge with its glittering loops, at the string of ghostly barges silently moving across the river For a long time Then she speaks, quietly)

KAY I love the river at night
It's beautiful and a bit frightening

GIMPTY *(stares down at the black water swirling under him He begins to talk, faster and faster, trying to push back into his unconscious the terror that haunts him, to forget that afternoon if only for a few seconds)* It reminds me of something What is it? Oh, yeah when I was a kid In the spring the sudden sun showers used to flood the gutters. The other kids used to race boats down the street Little boats straws, matches, lollipop-sticks I couldn't run after them, so I guarded the sewer and caught the boats to keep them from tumbling in Near the sewer sometimes, I remember . a whirlpool would form Dirt and oil from the street would break into rainbow colors ~~indescr-~~

(*For a moment he does escape*)
 Beautiful, I think a marvel of
 color out of dirty water I can't take
 my eyes off it And suddenly a boat
 in danger (*The terror in him rises*
again) I try to stop it Too late!
 It shoots into the black hole of the
 sewer I used to dream about falling
 into it myself The river reminds me
 of that Death must be like this
 like the river at night (*There*
is no comfort in her big enough for
his needs They sit in brooding si-
lence, which is finally interrupted by
the DOORMAN's voice, off)

DOORMAN Miss Mitchell came out
 here only a moment ago Yes, there
 she is now
 (*The DOORMAN and a SAILOR come*
out of the gate)

SAILOR Miss Mitchell?

KAY Yes?

SAILOR Mr Hilton says we're ready
 to cast off We're waiting for you,
 ma'am

KAY Tell him I'll be there in a min-
 ute

SAILOR Yes'm
 (*Exit SAILOR*)

DOORMAN (*turns to ANGEL, who is*
still hovering over the fire) Why
 don't you kids beat it?

ANGEL Aw-w!

DOORMAN All right! I'll fix you! (*He*
strides off up the street)

GIMPTY (*desperately*) Kay, there's
 chill time You don't have to go

KAY (*finality in her quiet voice*) I'm
 afraid I do

GIMPTY Listen I knew where
 Martin was And I told the police

KAY You? How did you recognize
 him?

GIMPTY I used to know him when I
 was a kid

KAY Oh!

GIMPTY I know it was a stunkin'
 thing to do

KAY No It had to be done

GIMPTY There was a reward

KAY Yes, I know I read about it
 That's a break for you, Pete You can
 help your mother now And you can
 live decently

GIMPTY How about you?

KAY This isn't the miracle we were
 looking for

GIMPTY (*after a long pause*) No I
 guess you're right

KAY How long would it last us? Per-
 haps a year, then what? I've been
 through all that I couldn't go
 through it again

GIMPTY I guess it's asking too much

KAY (*softly, trying to make him see*
the picture realistically, reasonably)
 It's not all selfishness, Pete I'm
 thinking of you too I could do this
 I could go and live with you and be
 happy— (*And she means it*) —and
 then when poverty comes and we
 begin to torture each other, what
 would happen? I'd leave you and go
 back to Jack He needs me too, you
 see I'm pretty certain of him But

what would become of you then?
That sounds pretty butchy, I suppose

GIMPTY No no, it's quite right
I didn't see things as clearly as you
did It's just that I've been such
a dope

KAY No! It's just that we can't have
everything ever (She rises)

GIMPTY Of course

KAY Good-bye, darling

GIMPTY (rises) Good-bye, Kay Have
a pleasant trip

KAY (one sob escaping her) Oh,
Pete, forgive me if I've hurt you
Please forgive me!

GIMPTY Don't be foolish You
haven't hurt me It's funny, but you
know, I never honestly expected any-
thing I didn't It was really just a
whimsy I played on myself

KAY Pete

GIMPTY Yes?

KAY Will you stay here and wave
good-bye to me when the boat goes?

GIMPTY Naturally I expected to

KAY Thanks (She kisses him) Take
care of yourself! (She goes quickly
GIMPTY follows her to the gate, stand-
ing there, peering through the bars,
catching a last glimpse of her SPIT
trots down the street)

SPIT He wuzn't deah

ANGEL No?

SPIT Nah Multy's a lot of bushwah.
I tole yuh (He looks at the fire Spits
into it ANGEL glances backward at
the shadows under the hopper)

ANGEL Hey, Spit!

SPIT What?

ANGEL Dey wuz a guy heah (T B
appears, dragging an egg crate)

T B Look what I got! Whew! Boy,
dat'll go up like wildfire!

SPIT Babee! Dat's good!

ANGEL Yeah! Dat's swell!
(They smash up the crate by jump-
ing on it Then they tear off the slats
and break them across the curb The
noise of the crashing and splintering,
exhilarates them They laugh and
chatter DIPPY enters, puffing and
grunting, dragging an old discarded
automobile seat by a rope)

DIPPY (proud of his contribution)
Hey, yuh t'ink dis'll boin? I t'ink
it'll boin, don' chew? Boy, like a house
afire I bet

ANGEL Nah, dat'll stink up da place

DIPPY (disappointed) Aw, Gese, I
dragged it a mile I dragged it fuh five
blocks It wuz way ovuh by Toid
Avenoo

(The boys throw some of the wood
into the fire It flares up with a great
crackling Tongues of flame shoot up
out of the can The band on the boat
plays, "Anchors Aweigh!" There is
much laughter and shouting of "Bon
Voyage!" "Have a pleasant trip," etc
from the party who have disembarked
The bells and the whistles
of the boat blow, the engines throb,
and the propellers churn the water.

GIMPTY *stands strained and tense, looking off, through the gate*)

R B Hey, look! Look! Duh boat! She's goin' like sixty Babee! *(They rush over to the gate)*

ANGEL Boy, dat's some boat! Dat's a crackerjack

DIPPY Yeah *(He imitates the sound of the bells, the foghorn, the engine)* Clang, clang! Oooh! Ch, ch, ch! Pool! Poo! I'm a boat! Look, felluhs, I'm a boat Ch! Ch! Ch! *(He shuffles around, hands fore and aft)*

ANGEL *(points at the departing boat)* Lookit duh dame wavin' at us

DIPPY *(waves vigorously)* Yoo, hoo! Yoo hoo!

R B She ain't wavin' at us, yuh dope

SPIT At Gimpty

R B How'd you like tuh be on 'at boat?

DIPPY Boy! I bet yew cud cross 'ee ocean in 'at boat Yuh cud cross 'ee ocean in 'at boat, couldn't yuh, Gimpty?

GIMPTY What?

DIPPY Yuh cud cross 'ee ocean in 'at boat, couldn't yuh?
(ANGEL returns to the fire and pokes around in it)

GIMPTY Oh, yeah, I guess you could

R B A cawse yuh could, yuh dope, anybody knows 'at

SPIT *(sees ANGEL fishing out a mickey)* Hey, watcha doin'?

ANGEL *(testing his mickey)* My mickey's done Dey're done now, telluhs!

(The sounds of the yacht die off in the distance)

SPIT Look out! Look out! Wait a minute!
(They all rush to haul out their mickeys SPIT pushes them aside, and spears the biggest potato with a stick)

DIPPY Hey, Spit, dat big one's mine Remembuh I swiped it!

SPIT Shat ap, yuh dope! *(He punches DIPPY, who begins to snivel)*

DIPPY If Tommy wuz heah, yuh wouldn't do dat

SPIT Nuts tuh yew! Who's got da salt?

ANGEL *(takes a small packet of newspaper from his shoe-shine box)* Heah, I got it! *(The salt is passed around They eat their mickeys with much smacking of lips)*

DIPPY *(who has gotten the smallest mickey)* Ah! git even witcha!

SPIT Nuts!

DIPPY Yew wait till yuh ast me tuh do sumpm fuh yew some day Jus' wait See watcha git!

SPIT *(spits at DIPPY)* Right innce eye!

DIPPY *(wiping his eye)* Ah, yuh louse!

ANGEL *(remembering the conspiracy Slowly and deliberately, between munches)* Hey, Spit

SPIT. What?

ANGEL Dey wuz a guy heah yuh know da guy what Tommy stabbed? Well, he wuz heah

SPIT What fuh?

ANGEL He wuz lookin' fuh yew

SPIT Fuh me?

ANGEL Yeah

SPIT. What faw?

ANGEL He said he wuz gonna give yuh five bucks fuh snitchin' on who done it

SPIT Wheah izee? Wheah'd ee go?

DIPPY Did yew snitch on Tommy?

SPIT Sure Sure I did (*A chorus of disapproval follows this confession*
SPIT rises and doubles up his fists To
DIPPY) What's it to yuh?

DIPPY Nuttin'! (SPIT looks at ANGEL)

ANGEL Nuttin'!

T B Yew snitched on Tommy! Gese!

SPIT Aw, shat ap, 'r I'll give yuh yuh'r lumps! (*He turns, looking for the benefactor*) Wheah'd he go? Which way? I want dat five bucks (TOMMY runs from behind the hopper, leaps onto spit's back, bearing him to the ground)

TOMMY (*sits astride SPIT, his knees pinning SPIT's arms down*) Yuh'll git it, yuh stool pigeon! In a pig's kapooch yuh will!

DIPPY Tommy! }
ANGEL Gese! } (*Simultaneously*)
T B Wow!

TOMMY Ah! give yuh sumptn yuh won' fuhgit so easy Say yuh prayuhs, yuh louse!

SPIT Lemme go! Lemme go!

TOMMY Oh, no, yuh don't!

SPIT Aw, Tommy, I didn't mean tuh Dey had me! De cops had me! What could I do?

TOMMY Yuh know watcha gonna git fuh it? (*He takes out his knife*
SPIT squeals with terror TOMMY jams his hand over SPIT's mouth) Shat ap!

DIPPY What's ee gonna do?

ANGEL Gash his cheek fum heah tuh heah!

T B No kid!

ANGEL Yeah!

DIPPY Gee whiz! Wow!

SPIT (*crying and pleading*) Tommy, don't, will yuh? I'll give yuh dose bike wheels I swiped I'll give yuh me stamps I'll give yuh me immies I'll give yuh dat five bucks Ony lemme go, will yuh?

TOMMY Dis time yuh don' git away wid it so easy, see?

SPIT Hey, felluhs! Hey, Gimpty! He's got a knife!

GIMPTY (*notices for the first time what's happening*) Stop that, you crazy kid!

TOMMY No!

GIMPTY (*starts toward TOMMY*) Let him go, Tommy!

TOMMY Come near me, Gimpty, an' I'll give it tuh yew Stay back, or I'll give it tuh 'im right now! (*He places the knife point at SPIT's throat*)
GIMPTY stops short)

GIMPTY Getting easy, isn't it?

TOMMY Yeah, it s a cinch

GIMPTY Let him up, Tommy!

TOMMY No!

GIMPTY Tommy, give me that knife

TOMMY No!

GIMPTY Sell it to me! I'll buy it from you!

TOMMY No!

GIMPTY What's a matter? You a yellow-belly, Tommy?

TOMMY Who's a yellor-belly?

GIMPTY Only a yellow-belly uses a knife, Tommy You'll be sorry for this!

TOMMY Well, he squealed on me! (*MILTY and DRINA come down the street*)

MILTY I dunno He wuz heah befaw honest! (*Seeing the fight, he rushes to TOMMY and SPIT*) Wassa-mattuh, Tommy?

DRINA (*rushing to TOMMY and SPIT*) Tommy! Tommy! Where've you been?

SPIT Drina! Drina, he's godda knifel He wants a stab me!

TOMMY (*slaps SPIT*) Shat ap!

DRINA Tommy! Give me that knifel What's the matter with you? Aren't you in enough hot water now? Don't you understand what you're doing? (*Screams*) Give me that knifel!

GIMPTY Go on, Tommy! (*Pause*)

TOMMY (*reluctantly hands the knife to DRINA*) Heah! (*He rises, releasing SPIT* As SPIT scrambles to his feet, TOMMY kicks him in the rump, yelling) Beat it, yuh son uv a (*SPIT runs up the sidewalk*)

DRINA (*sharply*) Sh, Tommy!

SPIT (*from a safe distance, turns*) Tuh hell witcha, yuh bastid! (*Then he redoubles his speed, disappearing around the corner*)

TOMMY I'll kill yuh! (*He starts after SPIT, but DRINA grabs his arm, and pulls him back*)

DRINA Tommy, behave yourself!

TOMMY But 'ee squealed on me, Drina!

DRINA That's no excuse for this Now it's knives! (*She snaps the blade shut*) What'll it be next? What's happening to you, Tommy?

TOMMY I wuz ony gonna scare 'im

DRINA (*grasps him by the shoulders and shakes him to emphasize what she's saying*) Listen to me! The cops came up to the house ten minutes ago They were lookin' for you You

stabbed some man! Why! Why!
(TOMMY turns away) Don't you see
what you're doing? They'll send you
to jail, Tommy!

TOMMY (all the fight gone) No, dey
won't Dey gotta ketch me foist

DRINA What do you mean?

TOMMY I'm gonna run away

DRINA Run away? Where to?

TOMMY I dunno

DRINA Where?

TOMMY Dere a plenty a places I kin
hitch tuh Lots a guys do

DRINA And what are you gonna eat?
Where you gonna sleep?

TOMMY I'll git along

DRINA How?

TOMMY I dunno Some way I'll
snitch stuff I dunno (Belabored
and uncertain) Aw, lemme alone!

DRINA I can see what's gonna hap-
pen to you (Fiercely) You'll become
a bum!

TOMMY Aw right! I'll become a bum,
den!

DRINA (hurls the knife onto the side-
walk, and screams) That's fine!
That's what Mamma worked her life
away for! That's what I've worked
since I was a kid for! So you could
become a bum That's great

TOMMY (shouting back) Aw right!
It's great Well, Gese, whadda yuh
want me tuh do? Let da cops git me

an' sen' me up the rivuh, Drina? I
don' wanna be locked up till I'm
twenty-one Izzat what yuh want me
tuh do?

DRINA (suddenly very soft and tender,
maternally) No, darling, no I won't
let that happen I won't let them
touch you, Tommy Don't worry

TOMMY Well, what else kin we do?

DRINA I'll run away with you, Tom-
my We'll go away, together, some
place

TOMMY No, Drina, yuh couldn't do
dat Yer a goul (Pause) Yuh know
what? Maybe, if I give myself up,
an' tell em I didn' mean tuh do it,
an if I swear on a Bible I'll nevuh
do it again, maybe dey'll let me go

DRINA No, Tommy, I'm not gonna
let you give yourself up No!

TOMMY Yeah, Drina
(Enter DOORMAN with a POLICE-
MAN)

DOORMAN (pointing to the boys).
There!

POLICEMAN (roars) Get ta hell out
a here! Go wan home!

T B Chickee da cop! (The boys scat-
ter DIPPY and T B duck into the
tenement doorway ANGEL and MILTY
scramble under the hopper)

POLICEMAN (to the DOORMAN)
Get some water! Put this out (MUL-
LIGAN, the policeman, turns to the
cringing figures under the hopper)
Yuh wanna set fire to these houses?
Lemme ketch you doin' this again
and I'll beat the b'jesus out a you!
(He slaps the blazing can with his

might stick to punctuate the warning Sparks fly up)

TOMMY (*slowly*) Yuh know, Drina, I tink 'at's what I ought tuh do

DRINA (*holding him tight, terrified In a hoarse whisper*) No I won't let you do that

TOMMY Yeah (*He detaches her arm, and goes to MULLIGAN*) Hey, mister!

MULLIGAN What do you want? Come on, beat it!

TOMMY Wait a minute! I'm Tommy McGrath

MULLIGAN What of it? (*The other boys creep back*)

TOMMY I'm da kid dat stabbed dat man today

MULLIGAN What!!! (*He grabs TOMMY's arm The DOORMAN comes running over to verify this*)

TOMMY (*his voice shrill and trembly*) Yeah He wuz chokin' me an breakin' my ahm so I did it

MULLIGAN So, you're the kid I bin lookin' fuh you

DOORMAN (*who has been staring at TOMMY, suddenly elated*) That's him all right That's him! Wait, I'll call Mr Griswald He'll tell you! (*He rushes off through the gateway*)

MULLIGAN All right I'll keep him here Don't you worry

DRINA (*goes to MULLIGAN, pleading*) Tommy! No, no, they can't take him Let him go, officer! Please!

MULLIGAN I can't do that, miss.

DRINA He didn't know what he was doing He's only a baby

MULLIGAN You tell it to the judge Tell it to the judge

DRINA (*trying to wrench TOMMY free*) No! Let him go! Let him go!

MULLIGAN (*pushes her away roughly*) Get away Don't try that! (*To GIMPTY*) You better take her away or she'll get hurt

GIMPTY Drina, come here

DRINA No

MULLIGAN In a minute I'll take her to the station-house, too

TOMMY Aw, Drina, cut it out, will yuh? Dat ain' gonna help

GIMPTY He's right, you know

T B (*sidles over to TOMMY, whispering*) Hey, Tommy, if yuh go tuh rifawmatory, look up a guy named

MULLIGAN (*shoving T B away*) Git outta here! (*T B flies across the street*)

DRINA Yes, of course he's right I'm so I just don't know what I'm

DOORMAN (*enters with MR GRISWALD*) Yes, Mr Griswald, I'm sure it's the boy (*GRISWALD pushes him aside, and walks briskly to MULLIGAN*)

GRISWALD So you've caught him

MULLIGAN Yes, sir

DRINA He gave himself up!

GRISWALD Let me look at him (*He looks searchingly at TOMMY's face and nods*) Yes, this is the boy, all right

MULLIGAN Good

DRINA He gave himself up

GRISWALD (*turns to her*) What's that?

DRINA (*trying desperately to be calm*) I'm his sister!

GRISWALD Oh Well a fine brother you've got

MULLIGAN (*to ANGEL and MILTY, who have crept to the foreground*) Come on, get out a here! Beat it! (*They scramble back again under the hopper*)

DRINA Listen, mister! Give him another chance (*She clutches his arm. He winces and draws his breath in pain*) Please, will you?

GRISWALD Careful of that arm!

DRINA Oh! I'm sorry Give him another chance! Let him go!

GRISWALD Another chance to what? To kill somebody?

TOMMY I won' evuh do it again Yew wuz chokin' me an' I wuz seen' black already, an' I

DRINA Have a heart, mister! He's only a kid He didn't know what he was doing

GRISWALD No?

DRINA No.

GRISWALD Then you should have taught him better

DRINA (*her impulse is to fight back, but she restrains herself*) Listen! He's a good boy And he's got brains Ask his teacher Miss Judell, P S 59 He used to get A,A,A all the time He's smart

GRISWALD Then I can't see any excuse at all for him

DRINA (*flaring*) All right! He made a mistake! He's sorry! What's so terrible about that?

GIMPTY Sh! Drina!

GRISWALD I have a gash half an inch deep in my wrist The doctor is afraid of infection What do you say to that?

DRINA (*with such an effort at self-control that she trembles*) I'm sorry! I'm awfully sorry!

GRISWALD Sorry! That won't help, will it?

DRINA Will it help to send him to reform school?

GRISWALD I don't know It'll at least keep him from doing it to someone else

DRINA But you heard him He swore he wouldn't ever do it again

GRISWALD I'm afraid I can't believe that He'll be better off where they'll send him They'll take him out of the gutters and teach him a trade

DRINA (*explodes again*) What do you know about it?

GRISWALD I'm sorry I've no more time I can't stand here arguing with you (To MULLIGAN) All right, officer! I'll be down to make the complaint (Starts to exit)

GIMPTY (stepping in front of GRISWALD and blocking his path) Wait a minute, mister!

GRISWALD Yes?

GIMPTY May I talk to you a moment?

GRISWALD There's no use, really

GIMPTY Just a moment, please?

GRISWALD Well, what is it?

GIMPTY You know what happened here today? A man was shot killed

GRISWALD You mean that gangster?

GIMPTY Yes

GRISWALD What about it?

GIMPTY I killed him

GRISWALD You what?

MULLIGAN He's crazy (To GIMPTY) What are you trying to do?

GIMPTY It was I who told them where to find him

GRISWALD Well, that may be so Then you were doing your duty It's simple enough And I'm doing mine

DRINA (hysterically) No! It ain't the same! Martin was a butcher, he was like a mad dog He deserved to die But Tommy's a baby

GIMPTY Please! That's not the point!

DRINA It is!

MULLIGAN (to ANGEL and MILTY, who are back again) How many times have I gotta tell you! (They retreat)

GIMPTY Yes, maybe it is Anyway, I turned him over for my own selfish reasons And yet the thing I did, Griswald, was nothing compared to what you're doing Yeah Martin was a killer, he was bad, he deserved to die, true! But I knew him when we were kids He had a lot of fine stuff He was strong He had courage. He was a born leader He even had a sense of fair play But living in the streets kept making him bad Then he was sent to reform school Well, they reformed him all right! They taught him the ropes He came out tough and hard and mean, with all the tricks of the trade

GRISWALD But I don't see what you're driving at

GIMPTY I'm telling you! That's what you're sending this kid to

GRISWALD I'm afraid there's no alternative

DRINA Are you so perfect? Didn't you ever do anything you were sorry for later? (Screams) God! Didn't anybody ever forgive you for anything?

GRISWALD (looks at her in silence for a moment Then gently, and sympathetically) Of course I'm sorry I'm very sorry Believe me, I'm not being vindictive I'm not punishing him for hurting me As far as this goes— (Touches his bandaged wrist)

—I would forgive him gladly But you must remember that I'm a father that today he, unprovoked, beat my boy with a stick and stole his watch There are other boys like mine They've got to be protected, too I feel awfully sorry for you, but your brother belongs in a reformatory (To MULLIGAN) All right, officer! *(He shakes his head and disappears in the gateway)*

DRINA *(with a cry of despair)* What?

MULLIGAN All right! Let's go! (To TOMMY) Come along

T B *(edges over to TOMMY)* Hey, Tommy, wait! Look up a guy named Smokey!

MULLIGAN Get away from here I'll bounce one off your head!

TOMMY *(looking back to DRINA)* Don' worry, Drina I ain' scared

DRINA *(trying to smile for TOMMY)* Of course not, darling I'm coming with you *(Starts up)*

MULLIGAN Yeah, I think you better Come on! *(He calls over his shoulder to the DOORMAN)* Put out that fire!

DOORMAN Oh, yes yes, officer! *(Hurries off, through the gate MULLIGAN and TOMMY go up the street DRINA starts to follow T B catches her arm)*

T B Drina! Drina! Wait!

DRINA No, I can't, I gotta

T B It's important It's about Tommy!

DRINA *(turns)* What?

T B *(very knowing and very helpful He's been through this before)* Look, Drina, dere's a guy at rfawm school named Smokey like dat, Smokey, dey call him Smokey Yew tell Tommy tuh be nice tuh him and give im t'ings like cigarettes an dat Cause dis guy Smokey, he knows a lot of swell rackets fuh Tommy when ee gits out cause Tommy's a wise kid an

DRINA *(scared, helpless, begins to sob)* Oh, Mom, why did you leave us? I don't know what to do, Mom I don't know where to turn I wish I was dead and buried with you

T B *(puzzled by this unexpected reaction to his good advice)* What's a mattuh? What'd I say? I didn' say nuttin' What'd I say?

GIMPTY Sh Shut up! *(He goes to DRINA, who is sobbing her heart out, and puts a protective arm around her)* You poor kid! You poor kid Stop crying Stop crying now

DRINA I'm all right I'll be all right in a minute

GIMPTY Now you stop crying and listen to me Tomorrow morning you meet me right here at half past nine We're going downtown We're going to get the best lawyer in this city, and we'll get Tommy free

DRINA But that'll cost so much!

GIMPTY Don't worry about that We'll get him out

DRINA Do you really think so?

GIMPTY I know so

DRINA Oh, God bless you . you're
so (She breaks into sobs again)

ANGEL (looks upward, entranced).
Holy smokes!

GIMPTY. Now, now You go along
now and stuck by Tommy

DIPPY Whee!

ANGEL Look a dat!

DRINA (controlling herself) You've
been so awfully good to us, I I
hate to ask for anything else, but

T B Boy! Right up tuh duh skyl!

ANGEL Right up tuh duh stahs!

GIMPTY Sure, what is it?

DIPPY How high ah dey? How high
ah duh stahs?

DRINA I wish you'd come along with
us now I know if you're there
they wouldn't dare touch (Her
voice catches) Tommy!

DOORMAN (turning back at the gate)
And you rats better not start any
more trouble, if you know what's
good for you! (He goes in The boys
wait till he is out of ear-shot, then
they hurl a chorus of abuse)

GIMPTY Me? I'm nobody I can't

DRINA I wish you would Please?

GIMPTY (softly) All right (They go
up the street, his arm still around
her, his cane clicking on the sidewalk
even after they've disappeared from
sight Awed by the scene, the kids
gather about the fire again)

MILTY Gay cock of'm	} (Simul- taneously)
yam!	
ANGEL Fongoola!	
DIPPY Nuts ta yew!	
T B In yuhr hat!	

ANGEL Gese, wadda yuh tink'll hap-
pen tuh Tommv?

ANGEL (plays a mocking tune on his
kazoo T B sings the lyrics) Te da
da da da bushwah Te da da bush-
wah

MILTY Dey'll git 'im off Dey'll git
'im off Yuh'll see

ANGEL Ah! goul him!

T B Even if dey don't, yuh loin a
barrel of good tings at nifawm school
Smokey once loined me how tuh
open a lock wid a hair pin Boy! It's
easy! It's a cinch! I loined one-two-
three, but now I fuhgit

DIPPY (laughs) Yeah
(After this outburst, there is a long
pause They watch the smoke coil-
ing upward)

(The DOORMAN appears uncoiling a
garden hose He pushes ANGEL aside,
points the nozzle into the can, and
releases the stream The fire hisses,
splits, and dies A thick pillar of smoke
ascends skyward out of the can)

MILTY (softly) Gee! Looka dat
smoke!

T B Dat reminds me—all a time at
nifawm school Smokey usta sing a
song about Angel—"If I had de
wings of a Angel"
(They laugh.)

MILTY Angel ain't got no wings

DIPPY Real ones got wings I saw
it in a pitcha once

(ANGEL starts playing "If I had the
wings of an angel" on his kazoo)

T B Dat's right Dat's it! (In a qua-
very voice he accompanies ANGEL)

If I had de wings of a angel Ovuh
dese prison walls I wud fly (The
others join in, swelling the song)
Straight tuh dee yahms a my mud-
dah Ta da da, da da (A passing
tramp steamer hoots mournfully The
smoke continues to roll out of the
can, as their cacophony draws out to
a funereal end) Da Da da
dum

CURTAIN